

BEATTY,
JELlicoe,
SIMS AND
RODMAN

Francis T. Hunter



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Book 142

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BEATTY, JELLCOE, SIMS AND RODMAN



Admiral Sir David Beatty, R.N., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.
Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet

(Autographed for the author at the Admiral's home in Aberdour, Scotland,
shortly after the surrender of the German Fleet)

BEATTY, JELlicOE, SIMS AND RODMAN

Yankee Gobs and British Tars,
as Seen by an 'Anglomaniac'

BY

LIEUT. FRANCIS T. HUNTER

United States Navy



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TO MY
CAPTAIN AT HOME
WHO BY HER
COURAGE, HOPE AND LOVE
“SENT ME AWAY WITH A SMILE”
THIS BOOK I LOVINGLY INSCRIBE

FOREWORD

LITTLE CAPTAIN,

In one of your less recent letters there is a casual remark, little considered by you, or even by me until, from a smoldering ember of thought it has brightened, sputtered, and at last burst into flame. "You will have to write a book," you remarked, "to let me share your new experiences." Have you forgotten it? Behold the oak, from such a tiny acorn! But it is not a "mighty oak," and needs defense.

The wonder is that the fabric holds together at all. If, for a moment, you could look back over the varying conditions of temperature, climate, hopes, misgivings, noises, interruptions, rolls, and pitches under which these pages have been written you would excuse every irregularity. Furthermore, despite their novelty, these experiences present no single hero, an author's greatest friend, for you to follow.

Still, the advantage is mine, for I fear no critics. This little work is for you, and after that for others who may care for it. Please try to have a pleasant time. You feel doubtful—but you know all journeys to war are doubtful!

Above all don't *you* be a critic!

F. T. H.

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INTRODUCTION

UNITED STATES ATLANTIC FLEET

BATTLESHIP FORCE TWO

U. S. S. *New York*, FLAGSHIP

April 15, 1919.

DEAR MR. HUNTER:

It will be a pleasure to comply with the request contained in your letter of April 13th for an expression of my views, which you are privileged to use.

In reference to the cordial relations which existed between the British and American naval forces, I was surprised to learn that there had ever been but one idea on the subject on the part of any one, in or out of the service, for surely to those of us whose work during the war was always in close contact with the British navy in the war zone, no such question ever arose. On the other hand, I wish to state most positively and without the slightest reservation, that no happier or more cordial relations could possibly have existed than those which obtained between our two navies which performed war service together. I served directly under the command of Sir David Beatty,

than whom no better or more gallant and efficient leader ever trod the deck of a battleship.

I have sometimes thought that the close, homogeneous, and brotherly coöperation in the Grand Fleet was an example of what two nations could do that had a common cause, whose hearts were in the right place and in their work, and was an example and possibly the incentive which first prompted the Allies to place all of their armies under the command of Marshal Foch, and which, as was proved, was the most logical way in which to win the war.

There can be no question that our destroyer force did valiant service against the Hun submarine; that our heavy artillery force—manned by naval gunners with its 14-inch guns mounted on railway carriages, each throwing a shell that weighed 1,400 pounds, and which operated with the army at the front—made their presence a dread to Hun strongholds which could not otherwise have been reached by gunfire; that our mining force in the North Sea, by laying a barrage or string of mines from the Norwegian coast to the Orkney Islands across the North Sea, aided materially by adding to the danger of any Hun submarine or surface craft that might attempt to gain the open sea.

We have every reason to be proud of, and no reason to regret, the part our navy played in its work during the war, and, taking a retrospective view,

had we to do it again, we would not change one iota, which is the strongest proof that the work has been well done. When I add that I sometimes commanded a force with British admirals under me, sometimes they commanded me, and that no thought of jealousy, no thought of nationality, no thought of any misunderstanding ever arose, you will understand how extremely close and brotherly were our relations.

There has been a good deal of advocacy and discussion of the policy of furthering our bond of union with the British navy by bringing together a part or all of the two fleets for a time at certain occasions. I have felt from the first that this would be an excellent and most beneficial enterprise, navally and nationally, and that such an opportunity for national gain should not be neglected. I am sure that His Majesty King George of Great Britain shares this feeling, for when the matter was broached to him he acquiesced very strongly and expressed the hope that our fleets may meet again yearly in friendly visits, not by a written agreement, but by a national and friendly desire to perpetuate the deep-rooted, and if I may use the word, affectionate relations which have obtained between our naval forces.

Should the time ever come again in the future, as it has done in this war, there is no question in my mind but that we shall stand together through thick and thin, fight together and win together.

I consider it an honour to have served under such a worthy chief as Admiral Sir David Beatty, Commander in Chief of the Grand Fleet.

Very sincerely,

HUGH RODMAN,

Rear Admiral, United States Navy.

Lieutenant F. T. Hunter, U.S.N.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

BEATTY, JELICOE, SIMS AND RODMAN

BEATTY, JELlicOE, SIMS, AND RODMAN

CHAPTER I

"TOWARD THE GOAL"

ORDERED TO THE "NEW YORK." THE CROSSING OF THE
AMERICAN BATTLE SQUADRON AND ITS HISTORIC UNION
WITH THE GRAND FLEET OF BRITAIN

*Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.*

—CLOUGH.

TO THE peaceful American of 1914, the sunny twenty-eighth of June showed no irregularities. The world dozed happily in prosperity. Yet on that very day there was committed the most momentous crime the world has ever known. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was murdered in Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, by a Serb. By that murder, obscure at the time, the entire geographic, political, and social conditions of the face of the civilized and uncivilized globe were to be altered. Generations unborn would reek in its

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blood, and generations that had passed would turn their heads in awe. Through five long years its outcome would so undermine the world that every nook and corner, east and west, from pole to pole, would be affected so that ages unconceived would weigh its blow.

Incidentally, it affected the tiny life and career of me.

In the Autumn of that epoch-making year, with war to us an actual impossibility, the first faint zephyrs of a strange east wind could be detected. The threatening draughts of such a wind as we had never known. A cold and bitter wind, before whose blast many a man of us would wither. We knew not, nor understood, as we faced the freshening gale.

In 1914 it threatened to stop our international sports; it altered commerce. In 1915 it threatened the San Francisco Exposition and tied up our freight. In 1916 it carried a mad tide of avarice that engulfed the land. Horrors of war we had not felt. Through these two years no human mind in America had been able to adjust itself to the new heavens and the new earth which had sprung into being at the thunderclap of war.

Then suddenly, against the misty background of that distant war, we felt the Prussian dagger stab. The *Lusitania*! With realization came an outburst of America's two years of pent-up feelings. We were insulted by a pirate nation! Treated as

a weakling! Ordered from the seas! Our vessels sunk! Our sailors killed in scorn! We came to know the German colours as the German knows them—black, red, and white: *Durch Nacht und Blut zur Licht!*” (Through night and blood to light!) The Germans ground our sword. There was but one inevitable course to take.

On the lucky thirteenth of March, 1917, nearly a month before the President actually declared a state of war, I was sworn into the United States Naval Reserve Force as an ensign, and assigned to duty as assistant in establishing a base for submarine chasers and for training men in New York harbour. From a dingy little corner drug store and a handful of men, there has evolved the great Naval Barracks at Bay Ridge, which at the signing of the Armistice, housed 9,000 men. After three months duty there, Commander Franklin sent me to the first reserve officer’s training class at Annapolis for intensive training. A summer hot as Hades made up of seventeen-hour days, left me one of about a hundred and fifty officers considered fit for sea. Far were we from fitted, as sad experience later taught, but so at least we were considered.

On the fifteenth of September I was ordered to the *New York*. It was pure chance to draw an ace, for at that time no one even knew that the *New York* would go over. My lucky star was shining. After two months of cruising on the

Atlantic coast we were ordered suddenly, and secretly, to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for preparation. There followed a hectic week. Although we knew what it meant, it was almost too much to grasp. The days tore by until, on the hazy drizzling afternoon of November 22nd, enshrouded in a veil of mist, we steamed under the great East River spans to the sea. The Ninth Division of the Atlantic Fleet, under Rear Admiral Rodman, on his flagship, the *New York*, made rendezvous at Linnhaven Roads on November 24th. Twelve hours later four great anchors hove in sight, and eight huge funnels furiously belched black, as sixteen propellers took up a droning throb that for days to come we knew would be incessant. The line of steaming monsters laid their course northeast.

The first days of that memorable passage were marked more with sentiment than interest. But the morning of the twenty-ninth foretold a different tale. My watch commenced at midnight under a big yellow moon. At two A. M. a nasty ring showed clearly around it, growing more and more intense. At three the breeze hauled easterly and scud began to fly. It looked like a nasty rainy day ahead. We were about a hundred miles off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and expecting poor weather, but when I noticed, at four A. M. that the barometer had been dropping at the rate of .07 an hour and that the thickening scud was

driving low, I felt we were in for something bad.

I awakened at ten to the heavy plunging of the ship. It was dark weather, and blowing a moderate gale. Spray, rain, and hail drove past the port, and thinking it would not last I felt glad of no watch until six. At two o'clock, the barometer had fallen to 29.00 and the wind increased to 60 miles. At three the barometer read 28.93 and the wind registered 70. At six, bundled like an Esquimau, I made for the veranda deck, Guns 20 and 21, to take the watch.

Not until the thing actually hits one, can a real storm be appreciated. Without any exaggerated attempt at description, without any hysterical effort to portray, the wild fury of this North Atlantic hurricane may be best brought out by a few details. Captain Hughes has been at sea for thirty years. In the navy and out, he has plied the seven seas. On two occasions only, he said, has he seen the equal of this storm. Both were typhoons in the China Sea.

Approaching the deck I was warned to use care, for the wind registered over ninety miles an hour. I scarcely believed it. A breath on deck convinced me. Solid green spray prevented more than fifteen feet of vision from a protected spot; while in the open, eyes were valueless. To walk was utterly impossible. Dragging along on hands and knees I gained the shelter of the second turret, and

found a five-inch gun crew huddled there, afraid to risk the trip to their hatchway. A foot of water swept constantly over the deck, carrying all before it. By forming a human chain I sent the men below and secured the guns, which of course were rendered useless. To think of manning one of these outside guns was ridiculous, and as our gun deck had been drowned out and secured hours before, the ship's great battery was now one useless mass of junk. At many points we were taking water, but the serious side did not impress us. Of course this sort of thing couldn't last!

The seas continued to mount, and were breaking on board with each plunge. The terrific roar on deck had become deafening. Shouting directly into a man's ear was of no avail against the wild shriek of this tempest as it drove through our rigging. Each wire acted like a steam whistle. I have never heard such a noise. Even the thundering crash of a sea, showering tons of water on us from stem to stern, was lost. And this same water, forcing into every conceivable opening, rushed below in most alarming volume. For half an hour I managed to stay in the lee of that turret. Looking up toward the bridge I could see streams of brilliant phosphorus pass overhead, cast up from the bow with the sheets of green sea. It carried clear over our bridge and funnels. Often the water was knee deep where I stood, a rushing cataract.

Word came at last to abandon all gun watches

and I lay below. It was Thanksgiving night. A banquet was in progress in our mess, far from the raging storm. Admiral Rodman was our guest. It was well that we relished that meal, for it was destined to be our last for quite some time. We could hear the dull whistling roar above; feel the shock of the pounding seas; brace ourselves against each pitch and roll. But it was Thanksgiving night, and the spirit of the feast continued, nothing daunted.

The night proved sleepless. The frightful weather did not abate, it increased. A heavy roll had joined the pitch, and things began to happen. We were absolutely unprepared for such conditions. The music cabinet and phonograph capsized with a crash, followed shortly by the clattering smash of all drawers of silverware and table gear as they dropped bodily on the deck. Just as we were getting things secured the huge ice-chest went over with a shock that would have gone clear through an ordinary deck. Meat, grease, milk, vegetables, fruit—all swishing around now in the salt water which covered our lower deck! Tables and chairs slashed from side to side of the mess room, carrying all before them. Many of the mess were seasick now—which added nothing pleasant!

Toward morning the water was ankle deep in my cabin. Reports began to come down from above. Wireless topmasts had carred away, des-

troying the upper aërials. Port lifeboat was battered in. Bow stanchions snapped off at the deck, and worst of all, the forward hatches had sprung. Tons of water poured down at every opening. Three hundred men were working on the leaks with small success. We had no ventilation at all below decks. At four A. M. we had six inches of water in the forward storerooms. At eight A. M. we had eight feet. The gun deck was literally afloat, for the gun shutters had been sprung by the terrific pressure. All pumps were working to capacity.

We had slowed to eight, then four knots speed, and turned to quarter the seas. Actually, we were losing headway, as the hundred-mile gale drove us like a toy across the Grand Banks. The squadron held together remarkably well. *Delaware* was forced to run before it and we lost her for the time. Our one destroyer, *Manley*, could scarcely keep afloat, but drifted off to the southward. We never saw her again. *Wyoming* and *Florida* were in our general vicinity from start to finish.

That night we all decided it had been a grave mistake not to wait for the draft! Soaking clothes were brought below and dropped in heaps. Food rotted in six inches of dirty swishing water, while cooking was impossible. And we had no ventilation. With boots still on, and caked with salt, most of us slept from exhaustion. Just

before suffocation, it seemed, some one wakened me. You could cut the air with a knife! Everything and everybody seemed to have gone sour. The combers were monstrous now, rolling the great ship through an arc of fifty degrees, under her very decks. The air was one mass of blinding spray, so we had seen no other ship for two days. At one o'clock the seriousness of the situation dawned on us when word came that we were taking more water than we were clearing. The ship was down by the head. On order from the Commander all hands turned-to, formed bucket-brigades, and for five long hours bailed for their lives! Bending every effort, we gradually checked the increase, and held our own. Then finally, toward evening, the fury of the hurricane abated just enough to satisfy the pumps. The strain began to tell heavily on the crew, whose quarters were unbearable. The heat from the engine and fire rooms was bottled up aft, where it combined with the galley fumes to make a veritable inferno. The thermometer registered 115 degrees in that vile air which men were forced to live in!

At six o'clock the Captain announced the danger past, to the great relief of all. The bow had suffered badly, inside and out. Our forward cabins had been drenched and storerooms soaked. Twelve thousand pounds of sugar, five hundred gallons of paint, and five hundred gas masks were ruined, together with a storeroom full of clothing. We

were far behind our schedule, but could, at eighteen knots, still make our rendezvous with British cruisers as appointed. Next morning, one week out, we found the wind shifted astern, a thirty-mile breeze. The storm had broken. By afternoon we had come into the glorious blue of the Gulf Stream and were righting conditions below decks. Of all the perils of this voyage, we had considered least of all the elements. And the elements had actually threatened to frustrate the expedition.

Tense moments were ours a few days later! We were nearing the goal, had entered the danger zone, and were steaming directly for our rendezvous. We had gone on a northern arc, only about three hundred miles from Iceland. Both sun and stars failed to appear, so we had no sights to reckon by. Would we hit our mark? If Neptune showed his wrath against our plans, Diana and Aurora gave us, at the proper moment, all they had in compensation. At five o'clock on the morning of December seventh, the moon broke through; and the clouds, which had shielded us in their foggy folds from submarines for three whole days and nights, drifted completely away. The watches had been doubled. On the horizon, in the moonlight, there suddenly appeared a form, low and sleek. Scarcely had we trained our threatening guns when there came from this strange form a blinking light: AF—AF—AF our coded call letters.

We answered. She gave the recognition. It was the British light cruiser *Constance*, at her appointed place of rendezvous. Here was a glorification of modern navigation! Five days without sights, reckoning from course and engine room, at the end of a three-thousand mile voyage with not a few vicissitudes, we had struck the very centre of our aim! Ten destroyers appeared from somewhere in space, formed around us, and we breathed relief as we fell into line behind the *Constance* to enter Pentland Firth. If a submarine could have come through the protection which those destroyers threw about us, then nothing could have stopped a submarine.

A glorious golden dawn inspired our entrance to the firth. Hills blending with the clouds, purple and gold, reflected a wealth of sparkling colours in the frothy white below. Between the fantastic cliffs passed our stately array; then sharply turned our column to the left. We entered Scapa Flow. Through the open gates of layers and layers of nets we wound our way, cheered by the crew of every patrol drifter as we passed. And then, as we cleared the inner nets, and looked for the first time on the world's most stupendous sea force, realizing at last that we were actively a part of it, a thrill ran through and through each man of us. The Grand Fleet of Britain! How dignified, how powerful it looked! We neared Sir David Beatty's flagship as assigned, and when our

anchors plunged into the flow, three mighty cheers went up from Beatty's *Queen Elizabeth*. It was a history-making day; a day which was to bind, perhaps for ever, the English-speaking peoples of the earth. In conclusion I can do no better than to quote that celebrated British naval writer "Bartimeus" on the subject of this union, for he presents the British view:

Only a few weeks had elapsed since they arrived, rust-streaked and travel-stained, as ships might well be that had battled through one winter gale after another from Chesapeake Bay to Ultima Thule and at the sight of them the gray, war-weary Battle Fleet of Britain burst into a roar of welcome such as had never before greeted a stranger within its gates in either peace or war. For—and herein lies the magic of the thing—they were not merely allies swinging up on to the flank of a common battle-line, but kinsmen joining kinsmen as an integral part of one fleet. The rattle of their cables through the hawse pipes was drowned by the tumult of cheering, and forthwith the American admiral dispatched a telegram to Washington, whose laconic business-like brevity alone did justice to what may prove one of the most significant messages of history: "Arrived as per schedule," it said.

CHAPTER II

AT HOME WITH ADMIRAL BEATTY

(A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR'S FATHER)

*To tread the paths of death he stood prepared,
And what he greatly thought he nobly dared.*

U. S. S. *New York*,
Flagship European Waters,
25th May, '18.

SUPPOSING that on one of our talks in your office a little more than a year ago I had said something of this sort: "Well, Dad, whatever I decide won't be very permanent. A year from now it will be all changed. I shall be distant half the globe, commissioned in the navy by the President and detailed on the American flagship with the Grand Fleet. Six months at war, I will have dodged torpedoes off The Naze of Norway; chased the flying German High Seas Fleet into the Kiel Canal; flown over the battlefields of France; and witnessed air raids on Boulogne and London. I shall have met the flower of England's rule in visiting many castles in the north; have held most interesting chats with such men as Sir William Robertson, General Montgomery, Lord

Curzon, Col. the Marquis of Linlithgow, Sir Percy Girouard, and a score of lords and ladies and peers-to-be. Further, I shall count among my friends (because of the peculiar interest he has shown me) the greatest of them all, our smashing young Commander-in-Chief, Grand Admiral Sir David Beatty."

What would you have said to that? Sometimes I like to think that Richard Carvel would have been no more fortunate, had his fictitious career been staged in this war instead of Revolutionary times. But that is neither here nor there. What I want to talk about is the personality and character of our truly great commander, as he has impressed me. Yes, the impression is very deep. The more so when you realize that in his position, at this critical time and with his peerless command, the Grand Fleet, he requires but a single engagement with the enemy's main forces to crown him the world's second Nelson; to send Sir David Beatty crashing down the ladder of time in company with such names as Blake, Drake, Hawke, Nelson, and Jones.

He has earned well his command, and in that characteristic manner that has placed him first in the hearts of thousands. While in his famous *Lion* (she is lying but a few turns away as I write this) he brought his cruising squadron repeatedly within sight of the German defenses, four hundred miles from his own base. Three times he has en-



© Harris & Ewing

Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman

Taken shortly after he assumed command of the American
battleship forces in the war zone



Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, R.N., G.C.B., D.S.O.

Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet in the Battle of Jutland and later
made First Lord of the British Admiralty

gaged the unwilling enemy on his own terms and taken the attendant risks. He appeared on the scene of the Heligoland action just in time to administer the *coup de grâce*. He drove the reeling cruisers from the Dogger Bank, sinking *Blücher* from his own ship. He assumed the burden of the risk at Jutland, and by magnificent manœuvres engaged the entire German fleet with his one squadron, clinging to them as long as his teeth would hold, in order to entangle and detain them until the Grand Fleet might come up to victory. Sir David Beatty leads because he is a fighter—and all Britain knows him as a fighter.

I am surprised to learn that the admiral is as great a tennis enthusiast as you were at his age. He is just turned forty-six. Despite his pressing cares he makes regular allowance for exercise, and as he explained to me, always chooses tennis “because it is exercise in a concentrated form, and you don’t waste valuable hours chasing a miserable, helpless ball over the hills.” That remark will particularly appeal to you. He was very emphatic in pointing out that golf is not to his fancy. Somehow, through the unaccountable course of rumours, it reached his ears that an officer in the American Squadron played tennis. Accordingly, in compliance with a note received by our flag secretary, the admiral’s barge called at the *New York* on a certain afternoon (the first of May) to carry me to the Admiralty House at Aberdour.

To my surprise, we headed for the *Queen Elizabeth*, Beatty's flagship. Coming alongside I started to disembark, but on motion from the officer of the deck I retreated again to the blue plush cushions and carpets of the inner cabin. I could see every man on the flagship's quarterdeck come sharply to attention as the boatswain's shrill whistle piped from above. A moment later I found myself in the presence of Sir David Beatty.

The admiral had come away alone. The gold braid that flashed before me as he entered might have felled an ox!—far sooner me, had not his magnetic personality put me immediately at ease. He had my name, and used it as he offered his hand. If I had been a cartoonist I should have been disappointed, for he lost his identity a moment later by removing his cap, always characteristically drawn down on his right eye. As we streaked through the water our conversation progressed rapidly. From tennis and the war he struck the internal organization of our ships, and I think he was making the most of his time for he was hearing things not likely to come to his ears from any other accessible source. He seemed inclined to lead me on, venturing two or three items most interestingly confidential, which I now interpret as sort of assurances on his part. To the answer of each of his questions he listened most intently. I doubt not that there was a purpose behind each of them, and I replied as completely as possible. In the attitude

of our men he seemed particularly interested, asking in detail concerning my own division. As we sped down the mighty line of ships he had some casual remark (usually humorous) in regard to each one, which off-hand revealed at once his marvellous intimacy with this vast armada. I recollect gazing at him for moments of time, watching the steely flash of his eye or the firm, set lines of his mouth and chin; then suddenly realizing, as he bore down on me with some remark or other, that there was an impelling, commanding power behind, to which I felt pride in responding.

Silence and respect followed Sir David as we mounted the gangway of the King's pontoon and stepped into his waiting limousine. We were off in a jiffy. By this time, let me admit, I began to feel a bit inflated and rather like a royal prodigal. But the admiral gave little chance for reflection. As we passed along the waterfront he told me the story of the great dockyard and its attendant "tin city of the war" which, mushroom-like, sprang into existence almost overnight. And he expressed grave doubts as to the future of it all, holding that "what little money may be left after the war will be spent about as freely as blood." We then took to talking tennis, on which ground I felt more solid in spite of my striving to conceal it. Thus we arrived at Aberdour.

Right here my sense of humour served me, for I was chuckling inside as I followed Sir David into

the lounging room, to the guests. The Grand Admiral toting along a lowly Ensign! I shall never forget the expression I caught as Admiral Rodman recognized me. He had lunched that day with Lady Beatty and a party of guests who were still gathered about the fire. I think he knew that I was expected, but hardly that I should come with the Great One himself. I was presented to Lady Beatty and eventually reached around the circle to Rodman. He passed a witty remark which pleased me and sent a ripple over the room, and the agony was over. After chatting awhile Commodore Bentineck arrived with Lieutenant Cleather, a King's Messenger. We left to prepare for the double which had been planned. Nothing would do but that Lady Beatty should see the game. She is quite as keen on it as Sir David.

We were soon ready for the court. (Peter, aged eleven, the second son, had escorted me to change in his room.) My surprise, as we started to play, was well founded, for considering his age and the life my partner had led (I was paired with the admiral) I looked for little real tennis. Few games were played, however, before I realized that it was real play and that my partner was doing all the scoring for us. In the confusion of gold lace I lost the first set for our side. Perhaps it was well, for if all had gone smoothly I should have missed a lot. Beatty at once became a bulldog. He is the same fighter on the court as on the sea, and the serious-

ness of his "do-or-die" remarks brought me up all standing. In the second set I let go everything. We won it, and after losing the next, rather narrowly captured the two following. I have seldom seen a man more pleased over a tennis game. He cheered, slapped me on the back, geyed our opponents, and thoroughly enjoyed it. To lose doesn't enter his thoughts. I remember him saying over and over, while we were behind: "Here! We can't let it stand like this; it will never become us to be beaten." "No, sir," I would agree, "We're not going to lose." The result was that toward the end I was literally knocking the cover off the ball and going fairly well. But the study of the admiral proved quite as absorbing as the game.

After tea (you know the English always have tea during their afternoon sport), I had a glimpse of another side. In talking to David, Junior, the thirteen-year-old son and heir of the admiral, he told me of the stunts he is doing with mechanical toys. He took me to his playroom where he showed me a model "sub" that really dived; a miniature *Tiger* whose turrets actually train; a baby "tank" quite complete in detail; perfect little steel dock cranes which revolve and lift weights precisely as the big ones. The lad is an admiral in the making. He already knows as much of the Grand Fleet organization as I do, and speaks several languages. We had not been there long when in came the admiral, quite tickled to death. He insisted that I must see every-

thing, and, indeed, seemed as pleased with the toys as his young son. I don't blame him. He put all sorts of questions to the kid, who seldom failed in his reply. When he did, the admiral became very stern. His whole attitude was a sort of constructive devotion. Neither his duties nor his gold lace have made him any the less chummy with the boy.

He then led me about the house, to show me his wonderful pictures and trophies of the war. They are of unique nature and value. The very things that have been given him from time to time are indicative of the respect he commands. Some of his paintings of sea battles are marvellous. Best of all is the esteem in which he holds these things, which results in each becoming a home tie. In fact, the home life at Aberdour is charmingly characteristic of England's best. It is a case of open hospitality and warm hearth, at which each of their many guests feels quite at home. In creating this atmosphere Lady Beatty (who, by the way, is an American) has a share equal to that of her gallant husband.

Late in the afternoon we resumed our game. The admiral had had enough, so preferred to play with the kids. Lady Beatty and I played a mixed double against Bentinck and Lady Marr. It was quite a tussle. In England, ladies' tennis is developed to an extent never dreamed of in the States. They all play, and play remarkably well. While we have two or three experts better than any

one in the world, they have here a whole flight of first-class players against whom we have none to match. Either Lady Beatty or Lady Marr could win over any but perhaps five of our American ladies. And they are not the best hereabouts by any means. I begin to realize what I have so often heard, that ladies' tennis has been sadly neglected in the States.

After a quick change, followed by adieus and assurances that I should love to repeat the afternoon's pleasure, we were spinning again toward the dockyard. The admiral's spirits were high after his exercise. He talked much of American tennis and branched later into the American fleet. At the pontoon his barge awaited, as also my steamer. But he insisted that I come off with him and, after returning to the *Queen Elizabeth*, sent me on to the *New York* in his barge.

Alone again, I reflected that I had had a really great day. On board the ship I was soon convinced that this opinion was shared by many others as well. From the captain down I was put through such a grill of questions that I began to feel guilty of some pleasant crime. It really was immense. Even Captain Hughes seemed greatly tickled over the affair, offering many remarks on which I still reflect. He showed me, indeed, that the experience had been as valuable as it had been unusual.

Admiral Sir David Beatty is as gallant an officer as ever took a bridge. I tell you it is with proud

confidence that I stand ready for his command, knowing that spirit which permeates the entire Grand Fleet of Britain:

“Here! We can’t let things stand like this.

It would never become us to be beaten!”

CHAPTER III

NELSONS OF TO-DAY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF BEATTY AND JELLICOE—A COMPARISON OF THE TWO GREAT ADMIRALS—HOW BEATTY PUT TO SEA LIKE DRAKE OF OLD

*Without the great, the small
Make the tower but feeble wall:
And happiest ordered were that state
Where small are companied with great,
Where strong are propped by weak.*

—SOPHOCLES.

OUR little adjective “grand,” so simply expressive, is far more often flippantly misused than applied with thought. We tack it carelessly on to a hotel, a theatre, a corporation, or even a person, to arrive conveniently at a designation which will imply splendour in the superlative. Occasionally, when it is fittingly applied, we realize the full significance which it is intended to convey. The Grand Fleet! To that unexampled organization of fighting force, the greatest unit of power ever assembled by the hand of man, it is indeed fittingly applied. A dominating machine of living energy backed by walls of steel—miles and miles in extent—which has cleared the seven seas of German ships and German shipping and kept them clear

through four long years; the power which has saved the world—that force is *grand*! It is the Grand Fleet. One must see it, study it, be of it, to feel it. To feel the awe of it, the inspiration of it—and to realize the intricacies and hugeness of its command.

In the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet there has been needed not only the highest ability to command, and knowledge by which this vast armada might best be handled, but also the power to inspire officers and men of every rank and rating in the fleet with zeal, efficiency, and devotion, as well as untiring vigilance in the endless waiting for the enemy. He must hold his command at the point of instant readiness for action at all times.

That excellent sea officer, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, the Grand Fleet's commander during the first part of the war, is a man of the high attainments required for his office. The fleet, his organization and creation, proclaims his ability. In the later stages of the war, the great instrument which he had shaped fell to the charge of Sir David Beatty.

Around these two outstanding figures then, Beatty and Jellicoe, all discussion of the naval aspects of the great war revolves. They are men of utterly different types. I have observed each of them with an interest bordering on study, and have heard them discussed by dozens of officers of the Grand Fleet. Beatty primarily is a fighter; Jellicoe, a student. To such a marked degree is

this evident that in contrasting them an authority on British naval affairs has said: "In power of intellect and in knowledge of his profession Jellicoe is a dozen planes above Beatty. And yet when it comes to fighting, in small things and in great, Beatty has an instinct for the right stroke at the right moment, which in war is beyond price." It needed no war to make Jellicoe great. He would at all times stand out among his contemporaries. Beatty, for his stage, needed a war. And given a war, with the chance to develop and exhibit his genius in battle, he carried the world. His chances came early in his career in the Sudan and in China. Seizing them, he rushed so quickly up the ladder of promotion that he may have outstripped his technical education. Jellicoe as a naval strategist and tactician, is considered the first man in his profession. Beatty, by his actual training, is neither strategist nor tactician. How could he be, boiling along, a commander at 27, a captain at 29? But with a fighting problem before him, the open sea, and the guns roaring, he solves it by instinctive genius.

The great Battle of Jutland was fought for the British, for the world, by Beatty and Jellicoe. Each played his part with consummate skill. Beatty had the stage all through, while Jellicoe merely came on for the third act. Beatty fought the brilliant battle of a hero with such amazingly bold and persistent tenacity that his vastly sup-

errior enemy was being well hammered when Jellicoe with the main forces, came up to relieve the strain. Yet Jellicoe's part was infinitely the more difficult, for upon him depended the whole issue of the battle. His magnificent deployment, without visibility, by judgment alone, was perfect. It is blind and idle to withhold praise to the skill and services of Lord Jellicoe at Jutland simply because his prudence and the God of the mists robbed him of complete and glorious victory. What Beatty might have done is another question, forever unanswerable, but as far as Jellicoe's beautiful tactics were permitted to go by the failing light, they could not have been bettered.

I have often wondered, in reflecting on the relations which exist between these great commanders and the officers of their commands, if they may not have accepted the code of John Paul Jones, the founder of the American navy. In his famous letter to Congress in September, 1775, he expressed the code of a great leader. Advising the attitude of a naval officer he wrote:

"In his intercourse with subordinates he should ever maintain the attitude of the commander, but that need by no means prevent him from the amenities of cordiality or the cultivation of good cheer within proper limits. Every commanding officer should hold with his subordinates such relations as will make them constantly anxious to receive invitation to sit at his mess-table, and his

bearing toward them should be such as to encourage them to express their opinions to him with freedom and to ask his views without reserve."

How many of the great chiefs of the Grand Fleet have actually read these words of Jones is for conjecture. But that they believe in, that they further, and that they actually practise this code of Jones, I will testify. Particularly is this true of the present Commander-in-Chief, who impresses his young officers in a manner only possible to a personality so dazzling as his own. It was not because we were officers of a visiting navy that so many of us were fortunate enough to receive courtesies at his hands. The British officers who chose to seek his acquaintance were none the less fortunate. It was because we were officers of his command—his subordinates—upon whose backing, in masses, he knew would depend his ultimate success.

Typically English, the admiral loves his home for the hours of quiet diversion it affords him nearly every afternoon. And his exercise. Scarcely a fair day passes while the fleet is in port, without the admiral having had at least a short turn at tennis—his favourite game. On the fine clay court which he had built at his home in Aberdour, there occurs almost daily as much of sport and social gathering as at a select club. Aberdour is a small town on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, opposite the most seaward of the moorings of the

Grand Fleet and about fifteen minutes by motor from the fleet's main landing. The admiral's home, Aberdour House, is situated on rather high ground which overlooks the entrance to the firth. Many days it was my good fortune to enjoy myself there, increasing each time an extraordinarily interesting circle of acquaintance. There was scarcely an admiral or lady of the Grand Fleet who would not appear at Aberdour on some day in a fortnight. Or if it rained the scene might shift to the great room in old Aberdour Castle, close by on the estate, where dancing was perfect. The admiral seldom danced, but seemed to enjoy quite as much as any one the huge open fire, the girls, and the music. Indoors or out, Sir David was the leader of the good feeling and pleasure of the afternoon. Force and vivacity radiated from him in the form of wit and thoughtful conversation. No doubt he would have preferred to remain at home into the evening. I have seen him part most reluctantly from his lovely lady to rejoin his "City of Steel." But there is a war-time order in the Grand Fleet that all hands shall be aboardship at seven thirty in the evening. The admiral, above all, is a member of the Grand Fleet. He always had dinner on his flagship the *Queen Elizabeth*, and there remained.

Often the conversation would drift to the great question—the question which held the destinies of us all: "Will they come out?" And to the last

day, still hoping, even against hope, Admiral Beatty had always the same reply: "Of course they will come out! What else can they do?" So firm and so expressive had he been in his belief through the disheartening years of vigil that he kept thousands of his officers and men strung taut by his undaunted spirit which seeped down and permeated his entire command. "They *must* come out," we thought; "Sir David has told us they will."

Whether he sincerely believed in an impending battle I never have been able to ascertain. In either case, in his apparent faith he chose the only course for maintaining in his forces that tension which is so essential to the highest efficiency. After it was over, on the great November twenty-first, he most cleverly avoided derision by exclaiming: "There you are! I always told you they would come out!" As a matter of fact his heroic vaunting (I use the term because to assume their coming was to boast of victory) would have been forgiven had the German fleet never raised an anchor, in surrender or war. It was simply an evidence of that enthusiastic temperament characteristic of so many great naval commanders—and which we always forgive, overlook, or even praise—because they are victors. How would Nelson's confident prediction and unqualified boasts, not merely of British prowess, but of his own, have sounded from the pen or from the lips of any but an habitual victor! Hawke is forgiven without question for say-

ing to his pilot, at Quiberon: "Damn you, sir, you have done your duty in warning me of the danger of this passage! I did not ask your tactical advice! I asked you only to lay me alongside the enemy—now do that, and keep your mouth shut! I am not emulous of the fate of Byng"!! And from any other than Sir Francis Drake that superb sailor's customary language would have been reckoned that of an inflated braggart! Our own Jones in his letter to Kersaint, criticized the French most sweepingly in their tactics, outlining the probable results had he been in command. He is easily excused by the long string of victories at his back.

No, this policy of Beatty, be it sincerity, wisdom, or boast, will never be questioned by the future.

Of the many afternoons I enjoyed at Aberdour with the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Beatty, one in particular stands out above the rest. It serves well to illustrate how completely did the great admiral control his command. Just one link was false in a chain which might otherwise have suspended me at an enviable height. That link was the skulking Hun. Had he been born to fight at sea I might have been twice blessed that day.

Scarcely had I arrived at Aberdour when I learned that some unusual report had come in from the sea. The admiral had arrived before me and continued to talk on his open wire for some moments. The fleet at once dropped from four to two



Photo by International Film Service

Admiral William S. Sims, U.S.N.

As he appeared while in command of the American naval forces in Europe



The Smile that Whipped the German Navy

Striking snapshot of the winning personality of Admiral Beatty which welded the huge Grand Fleet together

and one half hours' notice for steam, and shortly afterward was making preparation for departure at a moment's notice. When Sir David came out to the tennis court he suggested that I need not answer the recall signal from my ship as expected, but return with him. "I don't believe they intend to shove off without me," he added. We started our game, but over the wire the admiral had thrown the scent into the kennels; already the leaders of that great pack, so apparently listless a short hour before, were bristling and snarling on the new-found trail. With a pleasant smile Admiral Beatty jerked his racket toward the firth. From the court which overlooks the entrance could be seen the first of the screening groups as they slipped quietly to sea. Division followed division, as destroyers, light cruisers, and scouts passed on to their appointed tasks. The Grand Fleet was in motion. In motion at the direction of its great Commander-in-Chief, who, while actually commanding his fleet by wire, was also my partner in a game of tennis. Messages came to him too often for his liking, as far as the game was concerned. Several he despatched in reply, but it soon became too hot, forcing his departure for a sterner game. We snatched a brief tea before leaving, during which one of the ladies was heard to exclaim: "Oh my! How terrible if you should fight again!" It was a sudden draught for the admiral's smoldering thoughts! I caught his glance, then: "What!

How, pray, do you expect we shall finish this business?" Soon we left, and I did not fancy being in a position of opposition to whatever "business" the admiral intended to "finish" that night. Through all the ride to the pier not a word did he speak. Nor did I. When at last the road opened out a vista to the firth we could see that the great battle cruisers, already swung on their cables and belching great volumes of black smoke to the skies, were breaking moor to fall into line. The fading glow of the crimson twilight held great promise. It seemed to me that I could reach out and *feel* the tension of it. In his barge the admiral became less grimly reticent. Possibly he enjoyed the reassurance of his home—the sea. He left me with: "Tell your captain I detained you; you will have just time to make your gangway before you swing to sea. I'm sending you along in my barge. Good luck." Regarding the gangway he missed his guess, for when I arrived at the *New York*, after a seemingly unending passage down the firth, our gangways had already been hoisted aboard. The monotonous clinking of the winches, the spray rising from the hoses in the hawse pipes, and the rushing here and there of groups of sailors on our decks, assured me, as I mounted a Jacob's ladder, of our impending departure. The battle cruisers passed at twelve knots, mountains of black under the dense clouds upheaved from their very bowels. No light, no sound, no visible movement on their

vast expanse of deck. Down under the Forth Bridge came the First Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet; others came, ship after ship falling each to her place in that stupendous line of avengers. Then in our turn we slipped to sea; and our ship, like every other unit in the great line into which she was falling, was ready. For what?

I lived in the thrill of a lifetime, for we had had no further news of what we might expect. Hardly daring, I let my hopes climb. But the joy of anticipating an action in such a setting was all too short-lived. Again—once again—we were robbed of the fruits of victory which lay so close to our grasp. We were hardly an hour beyond the outer nets, into the black night, when the inevitable “Return to base” buzzed over our wireless keys. Some minor destroyer action had broadcasted the alarm, had bristled the hair of her mane, and brought the great mother wolf snarling from her lair. But when destroyers meet destroyers no further help is needed. The day-dream passed away. Small consolation though it proved, I knew at least of one heart more dejected than my own, for I had seen the fire in Sir David Beatty’s eyes.

Lord Jellicoe it was my honour first to meet on a September afternoon at Admiralty House, Rosyth, the home of Admiral Burney, Commander-in-Chief of the Coast of Scotland. So entirely is he unlike the mental picture I had formed that I could

scarcely believe him to be the man. To this effect his civilian clothes no doubt contributed a share. But to find, in place of the tall, thin, austere and aloof man I had pictured, a man small of size and jovial as well as cordial in the extreme, was no small shock. In the presence of Lord Jellicoe one at once recognizes the highest type of English gentleman—one who places you immediately at ease by his delightfully frank manner. Keen for sport, he always prefers to be out and doing—tennis being most usual with him. One day I stood talking with him on the veranda of Admiralty House which, hanging over a bluff, overlooks the Grand Fleet as it rides majestically to its moorings in the firth below. I wondered what were the thoughts of the great leader as he swept with his eye his former command—his own organization—the greatest unit of force ever assembled and controlled by the hand of man! He is held in high esteem by the officers of his former fleet, many of whom will never reconcile themselves to the fact that he was snatched away before his work was fairly done. He loves the fleet and, apparently, his visits to it, accepting with enthusiasm the cordial hospitality of his former admirals. It is unfortunate that we Americans did not see more of the great Jellicoe. Even his visits to our flagship were of necessity informal, which prevented rendering him suitable honours. Those who know him best affirm that only by continued association can his true worth

be judged. Which, no doubt, is true, for he lacks that impelling force of personality, that vivacious dashing character, that draws even a stranger at once to Beatty. So, in justice, an adequate estimate of Jellicoe must be left to one who has served directly under his command—has studied him through a long period of time. The appraisal of one who has merely met him in a social way and played with him at tennis would be of doubtful value.

Another war is ended—the greatest of all the world's great wars. Ended and won. We look back, now, to those who accomplished it, and love them. There are many whom we know well. They will not soon be forgotten. But the leaders—the leaders of the forces that won for us—how few of them are really known! And we will forget—because we do not know. The great Nelson, faced with the realization of this same impending tragedy, expressed himself by applying some very old lines, most fitting in the present, which he found had been used at the end of some former war:

Our God and sailor we adore
In times of danger—not before!
The danger past, both are alike requited:
God is forgotten, and the sailor slighted!

CHAPTER IV

AMERICAN ADMIRALS AT WAR

HOW ADMIRAL RODMAN AND ADMIRAL SIMS COÖPERATED WITH THE BRITISH GRAND FLEET—AMERICAN PERSONALITY ON THE SEA.

*When crew and captain understand each other to the core,
It takes a gale and more than a gale to put their ship ashore,
For the one will do what the other commands, although they are
chilled to the bone,
And both together can live through weather that neither could
face alone.*—KIPLING.

ON A certain morning in September, 1917, the Grand Fleet of Great Britain rode gracefully to its long lines of moorings, sealed safely in the Firth of Forth. It was resting at its southern base. A casual observer, glancing from the shore, would have remarked no unusual interest in the languid array of power. But as the trained eye scanned the fleet that day it rested questioningly upon the Grand Fleet's flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*. Floating from her main truck could be seen, in place of Admiral Beatty's white ensign crossed with red, a deep blue one, bearing four white stars. It was the flag of Admiral Mayo, Commander-in-Chief of our Atlantic Fleet. If some lurking German spy had focussed a lens upon

that flag, he would probably have registered it as an "unimportant detail," for at that time German regard for the American navy stood none too high. Yet the vast significance which may be attached to this "unimportant detail" can scarcely be measured. Perhaps it marked, figuratively, the very downfall of the German Empire. It announced a conference—a conference of admirals in which momentous questions were being discussed, perhaps decided. As a result, less than three months later, on December 7, 1917, Admiral Rodman, with a squadron of four battle-ships under his flagship, *New York*, anchored at Scapa Flow, the Grand Fleet's northern base in the Orkney Islands, and undertook his share in the North Sea vigil. This unit of power, added to that already overwhelming sea force, proved to be not all the Allied cause would gain from the historic union. Admiral Rodman, when called upon a year later, expressed the belief of a great body of our commanders when he said: "I have sometimes thought that the close, homogeneous, and brotherly coöperation in the Grand Fleet was an example of what two nations could do that had a common cause, whose hearts were in the right place, in their work; and it was an example and possibly the incentive which first prompted the Allies to place all their armies under the command of Marshal Foch, which proved the most logical way in which to win the war."

The shrewdest judgment was needed in choosing the man to command the representative squadron of the American navy in its career with the Grand Fleet in time of war. An admiral was needed who could at once command authoritatively within his own division, and yet be gracefully subordinate to orders from his British commander-in-chief. He must not only be a master of naval operations, but he must be a social diplomat, prepared to distinguish himself in drinking tea as well as in deploying ships. He must by appeal or command maintain his ships and men at a point of efficiency and utter cleanliness never before even attempted on shipboard. For his command was to be the example, in matters great or small, by which the British would, for generations, judge the standard of the American navy. The Navy Department after due deliberation wisely selected for this post Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, who, in his long year of trial, bettered even the high hopes of the British by the performances and dependability of his squadron; who actually opened the eyes of the British navy by presenting to them a revelation in the upkeep of ships and crews; who became a favourite of all with whom he came in contact either officially or socially, on land or sea. The Navy Department had recognized the unusual combination of qualities which existed in the man whom it chose for this command.

Little known by the general public, Admiral

Rodman's executive ability, his capacity, was well known to the Navy Department from the record of his service while stationed in the Panama Canal Zone with Goethals. As a result of his work there, he received not only high commendation from the Department but some very flattering offers of managerial positions by shipping companies in civilian life. But his love of the service never wavered. He had established himself, not by any exhibition of brilliancy or by snatching unusual opportunities, but by steadfast ability. He had overcome the handicap of graduating from Annapolis number sixty-one in a class of sixty-two. He had even refused, with such stubbornness, to be turned back a class that his superintendent, Rear Admiral Balch, decided he was worth reëxamining. But what he failed to gain from books, he made up for by studying men. For his was the unusual good fortune of being picked as aide and confidential secretary to the great Mahan, then only a captain; and later he became confidential aide to Captain Perkins, considered one of the highest type of commanders the navy has ever had. It is said that Rodman had much to do with the phraseology of Mahan's first book on sea power. On the West Coast, Rodman gained his first experience in the practical handling of vessels—operating with tugs, cruisers, and small craft. It was there that Admiral Osterhaus, reputed an excellent judge of men, picked Rodman to com-

mand his flagship, the *Connecticut*. Since Rodman never had handled a battleship, the incident was made the subject of considerable comment, and Rodman was watched very sharply. In the face of this, he exhibited superb mastery of his ship, and such cool and successful boldness, while in a "tight" place, that he gained a distinct reputation throughout the fleet.

To describe briefly but adequately the service which Rodman's detachment accomplished as the Sixth Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet is no easy task. But the trials and intricacies of its command may be guessed by some remarks of the admiral himself, which I noted one evening as he was conversing in his cabin with a very good friend. The admiral was asked if he had not experienced unusual difficulties in the strange conditions and new methods encountered "while outside." To this he replied substantially as follows: "Occasionally, yes, occasionally! You should have seen the nights on which we stood out through the Pentland Firth last winter. That is, you should have been there—but not you, nor any one else could have seen much. Invariably we would stand out of Scapa Flow, through the Pentland Firth, in the black of night. Through the Pentland Firth which with its skerries and tide-rips is considered hazardous even in broad daylight, and never attempted at night in times of peace! Without a light of any sort and scarcely

a signal passing between us; without a sound or quiver of wireless, we would pass to sea, perhaps a hundred strong, by sheer instinct, cold figures, and superb coöperation, so smoothly that when dawn revealed the sea alive with craft of every sort, stretched off in all directions, we marvelled and wondered how we ever had avoided one another, not to mention rocks, shoals, and mines, in passing out."

On his bridge an admiral is a subject for study. Particularly so is Admiral Rodman. He is absolutely cool and seems almost unconcerned—as long as he is satisfied. But let the slightest mistake occur, then "stand from under!" He is never sparing in reproach or criticism. Many times has he run a reproof in bunting up to the yard-arms for some seemingly trivial breech in tactics by another ship, which must have seemed harsh to the recipient. For the most part, however, his good nature has the upper hand and easily radiates from wing to wing of the bridge. It can be felt in his very presence. I have seen him in "tight" positions, while everyone is more or less holding his breath, give orders sharply, briefly—then nonchalantly start to expound some absurdly irrelevant story to another officer on the bridge. He seems entirely confident in the outcome of the execution of his orders. His stories by the way seem to come from unlimited resources. But it is useless to repeat them. The admiral's inimitable style is what gives them this distinction.

One has merely to know Admiral Rodman casually to account for his personal triumphs with the Grand Fleet. His jovial, wholehearted smile "gets across" from the start. And with Englishmen—the most outspoken of whom we should consider reticent—his blunt, matter-of-fact, and to-the-point manner seemed a delightful revelation. They made him the honoured subject of a myriad of entertainments, lavishing upon him the whole-souled enthusiasm which they felt for America in the last year of the Great War. Never have I heard an adverse criticism of Admiral Rodman voiced by a Britisher. On the contrary, scores of warmly appreciative remarks were constantly flung at me concerning him, both ashore and afloat—from the highest in command down to the men in the gun rooms. To express their sentiments in a way that he might never forget, the admirals of the Grand Fleet united, on the eve of his departure from their comradeship, in presenting Admiral Rodman with a huge loving cup, inscribed with their personal appreciation. That this unusual cordiality might be realized by a portion of the people for whom he had striven to bring it about, Admiral Rodman has in turn presented it by saying: "When I add that I sometimes commanded a force with British admirals under me, sometimes they commanded me, and that no thought of jealousy, no thought of nationality, no thought of any misunderstanding ever arose, you

will understand how extremely close and brotherly were our relations.”

Despite his strictness, which the appearance of his ships reflected, the admiral was very generally popular within his squadron. Particularly was this true aboard his flagship, where his delightful democracy could better be felt and appreciated. For instance, I remember him on the evening before our departure for home. I had invited Vice-Admiral Levison, of the British navy, and several others, with their ladies, to whom we owed so much for their delightful courtesy, to dine in the Junior Officers' Mess on the *New York*. Of course, Admiral Rodman was enjoined to attend. But he did more than merely accept. Through all the preparations there was nothing in which he did not offer to help. During the dinner and throughout the evening he was at his best, insuring, from the outset, the success of this rather sad farewell party.

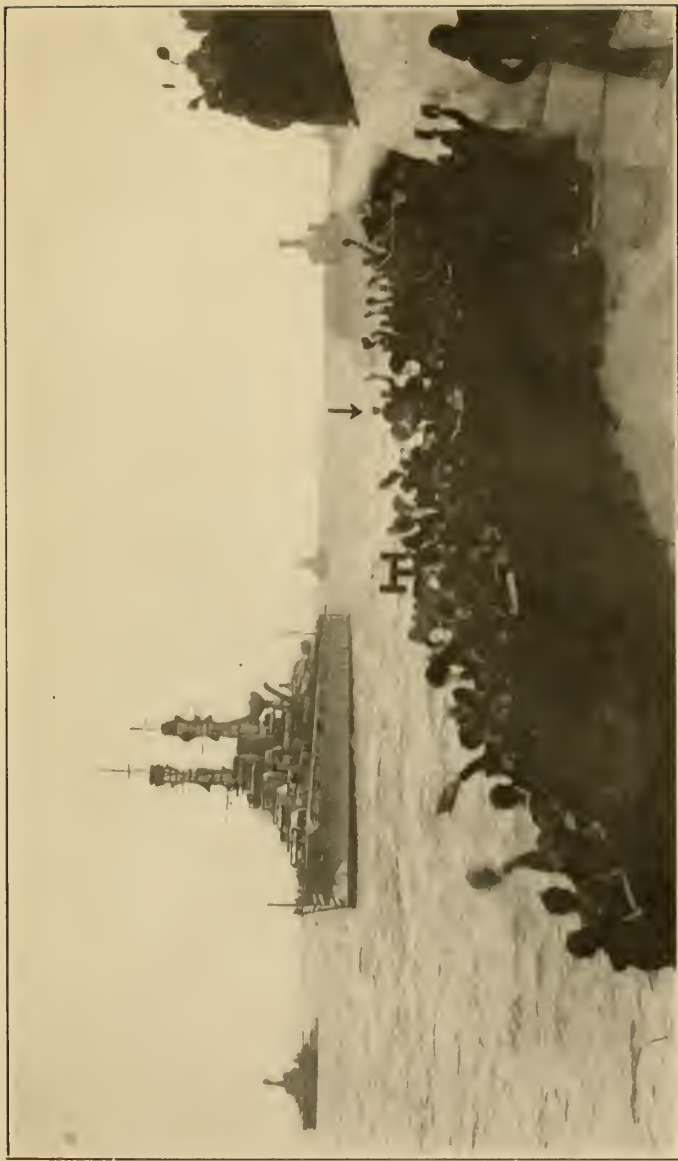
On the other hand, it must be admitted, his inspections, which seemed to compete with the phases of the moon in their frequency, were about as popular as the “Flu.” Anticipation would cause evil spirits to haunt us in our dreams, while realization never failed to increase the none-too-gentle vocabulary of the Junior Officers' Mess by at least a score of choice expressions. It was precisely the attitude the admiral wished to create. If any one doubts that he obtained the results

he sought, he has but to refer his skepticism to one of our British visitors to be for all times convinced.

With his headquarters and usual whereabouts in far-away London, Admiral Sims, the Commander-in-Chief of our naval forces operating in European waters, presents far more numerous obstacles of approachability to a mere battleship man than Admiral Rodman. But notwithstanding his usual remoteness from the battleship force itself it was quite impossible to serve in it for any considerable time without being permeated and saturated with what may best be termed his greatness. Greatness without a qualification, for I have heard it stated by an officer high in the United States army, that from many circles comes the opinion that we have in Admiral Sims the greatest commander, the strongest man, of either service. Further, this opinion is earnestly shared to-day by the British navy. Through the most trying year and a half of its history, its officers have known him in his work, and by his work—work which of necessity was carried on so much in the twilight, that few Americans have yet seen its magnitude. For any errors committed by that part of our navy actually engaged in the Great War, Admiral Sims is responsible. And for its services, potential or kinetic, Admiral Sims is also responsible. Admiral Sims was the Commander-in-Chief, director of operations, distributor of forces, court of appeals, official representative, and

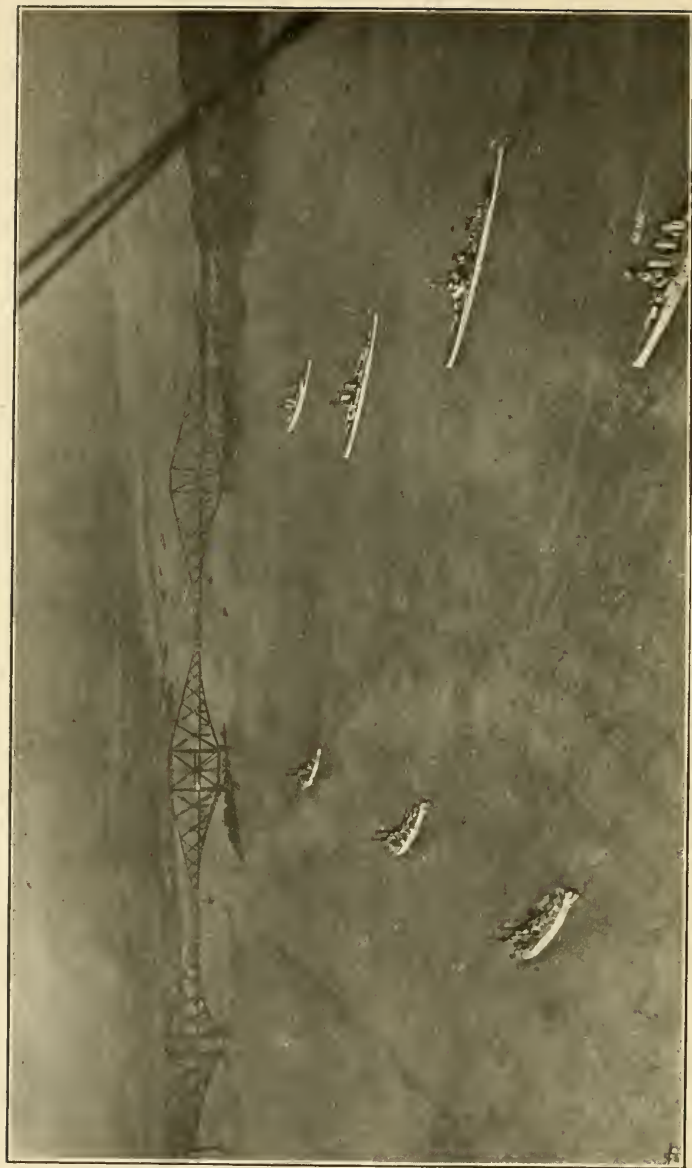
international diplomatist for our navy at war, for our battleships, destroyers, submarines, mine force, patrol craft, land bases, and hospitals alike. And in this vast service he was held from start to finish in unwavering devotion and esteem. He is a leader. There is no flourish, nothing conspicuous in his greatness. Quietly he wends his way. But, as one of his aides very aptly expressed it: "He saws wood." Afterward, the pile he had cut was placed on exhibition by his contemporary, Admiral Rodman, who said: "There can be no question that our destroyer force did valiant service against the Hun submarine; that our heavy artillery force manned by naval gunners with 14-inch guns mounted on railway carriages, each throwing a shell that weighed 1,400 pounds, and which operated with the army at the front, made its presence a dread to Hun strongholds which could not otherwise have been reached by gunfire; that our mine force, by laying a barrage or string of mines from the Norwegian coast to the Orkney Islands across the North Sea, aided materially in adding to the danger of any Hun submarine or surface craft that might attempt to gain the open sea. We have every reason to be proud of and no reason to regret, the part which our navy played in its work during this war, and, taking a retrospective view, had we to do it again we would not change one iota, which is the strongest proof that the work has been well done."

I first encountered Admiral Sims through a most unique circumstance, one which only a sudden impulse could have occasioned. In February, 1918, the third month of her service in the war zone, the *New York* was dry-docked at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, to be fitted with paravanes and other appliances. Dry-dock means "leave," and this, to me, meant France. Two of us set out with the resolve, despite much derision, that France, our goal, must be reached. Arriving in London at seven in the evening, our project met with little encouragement. At headquarters, we were told that such visits had been stopped, but that we might get the advice of Commander ——. This we obtained, which was that all visits to the front had been curtailed by order of the admiral, but that Paymaster — might issue passports to some parts of France not adjacent to the front. After much searching, we found the paymaster, who blasted our hopes by simply stating that the words "Sims, official" must endorse such passports. He suggested that we see Captain —, the admiral's aide. The captain was out. Having, by this time, nearly worn out the tires of our taxi and noting the advancing hour, we decided to play our trump card. Admiral Sims was at home in his apartment at the Carlton. To a request by phone, he sent down the reply that naval officers were no longer allowed to visit the fronts in France. We had one more shaft to loose. To a brief, but pain-



The Great Union

Picture taken from the deck of the *Queen Elizabeth* the moment the *New York* dropped anchor in Scapa Flow for the first time. The crew of the Grand Fleet's Flagship is cheering the arrival of the American Squadron. Arrow points to Admiral Beatty



Part of the American Battle Squadron (Left)
And British Battle Squadron (right) lying in the Firth of Forth below Forth Bridge

fully careful note he replied: "Send the young man up."

The admiral was alone. Tall, thin, impressive, he welcomed us with cordial dignity. A handshake and "Be seated. Now, what can I do for you?" left us entirely at ease. When we had stated our desires, he did not reply, but instead turned the subject to our ships, the work of the squadron, and conditions generally in our rather new department of his command. Instead of the relations being strained by the unconventionality of such a visit, we found ourselves more and more at ease as the impelling magnetism and aggressiveness of Admiral Sims became evident. The three stars on his collar made him none the less the man; and to the man, not the intangible admiral, we were speaking on this occasion. Finally he arose and said: "Well, you have come a long way, and have your hearts set on France. I don't like to disappoint you 'kids.' Stop at headquarters to-morrow morning at ten o'clock and I'll give you a letter authorizing you to visit France, providing you do not visit an actual battle front, and providing you return before your leave expires." He explained that the reason he had ceased to allow any one, even his captains, to visit the battle front was that many had done so, and in each case an officer of the British army had been courteously detailed to take charge and show the visitor anything of interest in that sector. "Which is all very well,"

he added, "but at present, every officer of the British army is needed for bigger things than taking us sightseeing." The admiral had seemed more like a father to us than anything I could think of; one could scarcely realize that this lovable man was the great Sims. At ten in the morning we found our passports, with his authorization, at headquarters. It was simply a typewritten statement, signed, on official paper. Knowing the strictness of inspectors, I questioned whether this would be honoured to pass us. The commander whom I had asked smiled and, pointing to the Admiral's signature, said: "You see that? S-I-M-S will pass you anywhere in Europe." I realized for the first time how the war was increasing the prestige of America.

Six months later, in August, came another opportunity. I met him in his office at headquarters in London. This time it was at his request. Another lieutenant and I had been sent to represent the Grand Fleet in the Army vs. Navy tennis matches at Queen's Club, London. Admiral Sims seemed to be immensely interested. Expecting to see the play, he talked with us in his office on the morning of the matches. He is enthusiastic for sports of all kinds, seldom missing a game played by one of his teams. Apparently satisfied with the details of the matches, Grand Fleet competition, our chances, and similar matters, he wished us success most heartily and urgently. Perhaps he real-

ized what this would mean later in the day, when we could feel that he was behind us as sincerely as any one in the stand. On this same visit, I watched him several times while at luncheon in the Embassy with his staff. Usually he finished before the others, would rise at once, and taking the flight of steps two at a time, start briskly down the street toward his headquarters. Activity marked his every move, naturally perhaps, for in Sims we find a true American, still in the prime of life.

Once to inspect the squadron, again when King George visited us, and lastly to witness the surrender of the German ships, Admiral Sims visited the *New York* in the Grand Fleet. He showed clearly his delight in the condition of Rodman's command, nor could there have been a more thorough judge. Each time when the sailors learned that Sims was to come, they were overjoyed and seemed to take particular interest in having the ships in the very pink of condition. Perhaps this was because a number of our chief petty officers at one time or another during their careers had served directly under Sims. The verdict of such men is perhaps, after all, the greatest test of a good commander. *They loved him.* Not because he had been "soft" as an officer, but because he had been "square." They all shared the opinion that he had known more about their business than they themselves, and that he had been an insatiable worker. They had worked

willingly, because they knew him to be a worker. With these unvarying opinions drifting from our chief petty officers to the men, it is small wonder that their heads were a little higher, their clothes a little cleaner for Admiral Sims's inspections than for any others.

Immediately after our entrance into the war, it became necessary that the navy be established abroad. Our war on the sea must go to the enemy quite as decidedly as our war on land, for the enemy was no better able to reach us in one way than the other, except, perhaps, by submarines. Who, then, should command? Without any inside knowledge of the subject I will hazard a guess that there was no prolonged discussion on the matter. The main work would be with destroyers. The times found Admiral Sims, that live wire of the navy, in command of our destroyer fleet. He was the same Sims, who, during the Spanish-American War, had been our naval attaché in England. In that crisis he proved invaluable as a source of information for the Government on naval matters, and soon came to be entrusted with vast responsibilities. He bought, equipped, and cargoed ships for us, despatching them with speed that amazed the Department. To Sims, in large part, we owe the preparation of our fleet for the actions of that war. Later, when his realization of the pitiful inefficiency of our naval gunnery prompted him to expose the matter, he was brought by the very

audacity of his aggression to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt. Another president might have court-martialed him. Roosevelt, realizing the truth of Sims's assertions, and accepting the possibilities of his recommendations, placed him in the position which enabled him to revolutionize the gunnery, not only of the navy, but of the army as well. No other man before or since has approached his accomplishment along this line. As a result of this excellent work he was given command of the battleship *Minnesota*. That he was able to succeed in such a command, when unusually young, was due to an independence of thought that he had maintained from the early days of his career, which, while it impaired his scholarship, had left him particularly well trained in the subjects which he chose specially to pursue. A little later in his career (1910) came that famous speech in London, in which he predicted the Great War and told how we would be drawn into it. For this he received a reprimand. But when that war came, as he predicted, the reprimand stood for little against his record. The navy had before it the record of a human dynamo, the dare-devil who had risked his career "for the good of the service," and who had won. Admiral Sims was despatched, at once, to organize, advise, and command the naval forces of the United States which would actively engage in the World War. What he asked for was given him; what he advised was executed; what he com-

manded succeeded. One year after Admiral Sims had reached England with his embryonic unit of destroyers and patrols, thousands of weather-beaten jackies on shore leave while scores of sea-scarred vessels took on new life in fuel and stores, could be heard through the seaport towns, whistling, singing, or playing the tune of which they were so proud, "Admiral Sims's Flotilla Is the Terror of the Sea."

CHAPTER V

KINGS, QUEENS, AND AMERICAN JACKS

FORMALITIES AND HONOURS ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP
"NEW YORK" IN THE GRAND FLEET—VISITS AND TRIB-
UTES OF EUROPE'S ROYALTY

*Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.*

—HENRY IV.

DURING the midsummer months of 1918 the centre of interest for the junior officers of the *New York* was the sheet of wireless press news that appeared every morning in the mess hall. Each officer, as he appeared, launched his questions and joined the group about the bulletin board before touching his breakfast, and his spirits for the day were almost invariably determined by the contents of that slip of paper. A sharp gain or loss by the Allied armies, or more particularly by the American army, was as clearly revealed by the attitude of the members of our mess as it was by the red and blue crayon on the big map we had

hung on the bulkhead. In fact, as a result of an unusually quiet month "outside," our interest had come to rest in the armies. Except to change our base or to execute our planned manœuvres each week we had scarcely raised the anchors. We now discussed the German High Seas Fleet with a sneer, substituting "if" for "when," and looked with misgivings at our chance to end the war at sea.

Apparently we were idle; but the eyes of the world were of necessity blinded. In the American Battle Squadron on those summer days, history was being made and international relations were being established which will endure for generations. Nor were these "idle" months a bed of roses, relief though they seemed from the North Sea winter gales. To the crews of the squadron, particularly to the men of the *New York*, it was the most irksome time of all. Visitors! Guests! Inspections! How they did hate those terms! Small wonder, for sometimes parties of official visitors would come aboard day after day, each instance meaning work far out of hours to have the ship in spotless, glistening condition for each new visitor. With apologies to Jutland it might have been termed "the battle of the mists," this fight, trying the endurance of patience rather than nerve and skill. "American sailors have fought and conquered the mists of Scotland," was the unanimous verdict of those who witnessed the incomparable

appearance of our ships on those inspection days. I say "incomparable" because it is the tribute of admirals, of peers, and of kings. Such, indeed, were our visitors, through whom the ties of nations were being mightily strengthened. And the men of the *New York* were rewarded for their added labours by contact with the world's great leaders in the world's most desperate crisis.

When the American squadron joined the British Grand Fleet in the Orkney Islands, it was enshrouded by a veil of uncertainty, a shadow of doubt, which, while never voiced, could none the less be felt. After a month of coöperation the doubt seemed for all time dispelled. We had registered for the first time a successful union of foreign ships with the Grand Fleet—and had done so at a time of grave stress. To reach us while in the north had been impossible; but our arrival south brought visitors to acclaim that union of which Americans may long be proud.

First of all we had an official visit from Vice Admiral Arthur C. Leveson, that greatly beloved "live wire" of the Grand Fleet, then in command of the Second Battle-Cruiser Squadron. On that occasion a foundation was laid upon which there developed, as the year advanced, the warmest comradeship between his ships and our own, for subsequently our sister division, the Fifth Battle Squadron, was given to Admiral Leveson. The impression Admiral Leveson carried away from

this first visit to us is expressed in the closing paragraph of a letter written to Captain Hughes of the *New York* on the day following his visit:

May I express to you my immense admiration for the condition of your ship? I have never seen anything to touch her during thirty-five years at sea. She is a picture.

Similar expressions of admiration were voiced by Admirals Goodenough, De Robeck, and Evan-Thomas on the occasion of their visits to us, and the circulation of these remarks established throughout the fleet a reputation difficult indeed to maintain.

Next, on the fifth of June, we realized a proud anticipation. When that day came, sparkling blue, our force commander, Admiral Sims, stepped over the gangway to inspect the cleanest, brightest, trimmest ship he had ever seen. To a navy man, particularly one who has been associated with Sims, that statement sounds sweeping, but we have the Admiral's word for it. In the talk which he made on the fo'castle after his inspection, Admiral Sims declared that in the face of the results of the super-efforts of Admiral Rodman and Captain Hughes he must relinquish his claim to distinction for the maintenance of ships. From that speech some fifteen hundred officers and men carried broad smiles above inflated chests.

It had been intended also to fire "five-inch" target practice for the Admiral, but a fog, rolling in

from the sea, so reduced the visibility that we had to be contented with manœuvres. He appeared highly pleased with the operations of the squadron.

Admiral Sims's visit started the ball rolling. On the seventh of June, Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Deputy First Sea Lord of Britain, came to us from the Admiralty. A brilliant forenoon gave the ship her finest setting. Admiral Wemyss made very clear his pleasure and surprise in a delightful speech which followed his inspection, offering a rousing welcome to every American in the Grand Fleet. What pleased us most was his extremely optimistic view of the international situation in that crucial time, and his famous fighting spirit, which now stood for the spirit of the British navy. Optimism is the key of Sir Rosslyn Wemyss's perseverance and success. Later, upon closer acquaintance, I learned that it seldom forsakes him, in duty or pleasure.

Five days after Admiral Wemyss's visit we enjoyed another distinct privilege in the first visit of our Commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir David Beatty. On this occasion the Admiral had little to say, or at least he had little time in which to say it. But on subsequent occasions he gave full voice to the conditions his scrutinous eyes had marked as he keenly observed our men and ship on that day. His eyes sparkled as they darted here and there, and I noticed his pleasure as Admiral Rodman led him with proud confidence into nook or corner or hatchway—always to find it scrupulously clean.

Then a most stimulating message came from General Pershing, which will long be chronicled as much for its effect as for its character. In the Grand Fleet we had never been cut off from the armies in France. In fact there had existed between the two services a binding coördination of sympathy and purpose. The Grand Fleet knew each lunge, each parry of the Allied force as soon as the story could be transmitted. On the outcome of these we built our fortune. Early in April when Haig in his plight ordered "There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, each one of us must fight on to the end," he received this message from Beatty: "The Grand Fleet has been following with great admiration and sympathy the magnificent efforts of their comrades of the British army in France." And the following reply was received from Sir Douglas Haig: "All ranks of the British armies in France send their heartiest thanks to their comrades in the Grand Fleet for their most encouraging message." But now, in the early summer, the American armies were in France—fighting! Our brothers were fighting! We knew their spirit and they knew ours. It was General Pershing's wish to come to us. Obviously he could not, but he chose a fitting representative to convey his purpose. All who heard him will long remember the visit of Bishop Brent, senior chaplain of our Expeditionary Forces in France. The warm hearted and inspiring greet-

ings he bore to us from General Pershing aroused a new realization of our unity with the army. Bishop Brent is a natural orator. Standing there on the fo'castle, thousands of bluejackets massed below him, with the red sunset of a clear, calm evening for his setting, he inspired us by his magnificent force, filling us with new hope and proud confidence as he delivered this message, fresh from General Pershing:

The bond which joins together all men of American blood has been mightily strengthened by the rough hand of war. Those of us who are privileged to serve in the army and navy are to one another as brothers. Spaces of land and sea are nothing when a common purpose binds. We are so dependent upon one another that the honour, the fame, and the exploits of the one are the honour, the fame, and the exploits of the other. If the enemy should dare to leave his safe harbour and set his ships in battle array, no cheers would be more ringing than those of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. We have unshaken confidence in you and are assured that when the winning blow of the war has been struck, and together we stand on the threshold of peace, your record will be worthy of your traditions.

The American squadron, with the entire Grand Fleet, found itself unexpectedly in the dreary north to celebrate that "greatest of liberty days," the Fourth of July. Then quite as unexpectedly, we had to hoist our immediate recall signals for all who were ashore, up anchor, and put to sea. Manœuvring off the Jutland Bank we were out until noon of July eighth, when a tired, dirty ship and

crew dropped anchor in the Firth of Forth. In the midst of the dirt and exhaustion of the ordeal of coaling ship, came the most startling news by wireless: "To-morrow the King and Queen of the Belgians will visit the American squadron, boarding the *New York* for inspection."

Then those American bluejackets showed their stuff. Tired and sea worn, they worked on until midnight, finished their job, and were up at five A.M. in order to accomplish the impossible. No wild streak of imagination could picture a more vivid change. From a filthy, sooty, mass of grime at eight one night, there was evolved at two P.M. next day a scoured, holystoned, painted ship, manned by a spotless, polished crew in dress blue suits, each at his post of inspection. At precisely two-thirty Albert, King of the Belgians, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, was received (little knowing) upon a spotless quarterdeck on their first visit to an American man of war. Now kings and queens must tire of being acclaimed wherever they go. Bands, guards, cheers, salutations must long have ceased to thrill them. So we received King Albert and his queen with something new. Band, guard, full honours rendered, yes; but we had something more for the sporting king and queen who had flown by airplane from their native land and had come to far-off Scotland to inspect us.

A black cloud drove threatening above us, paint-

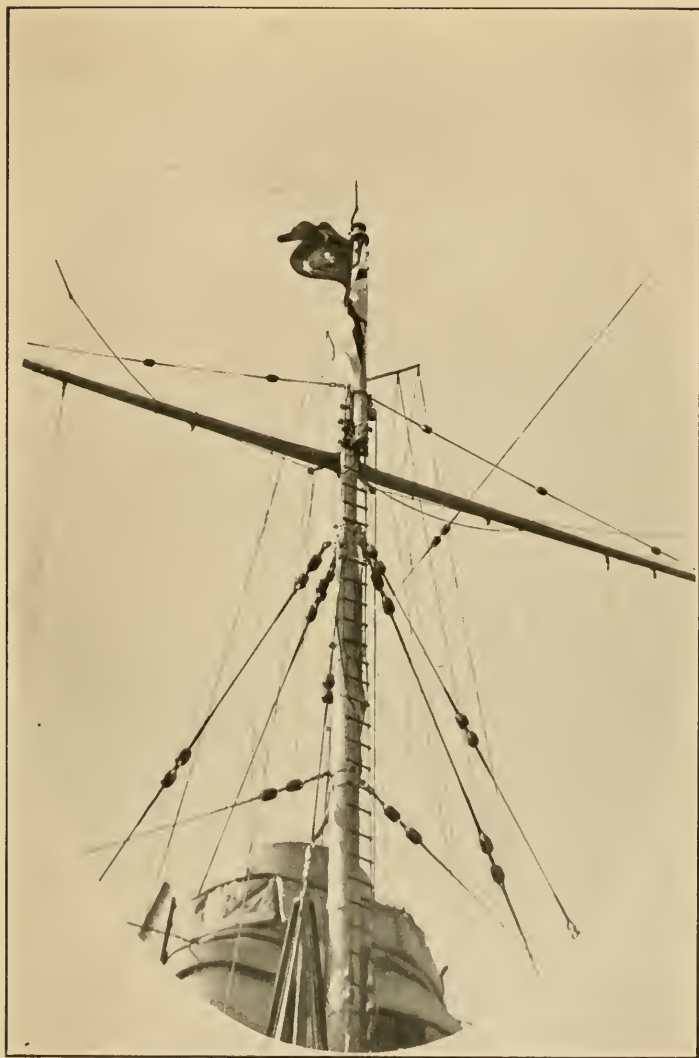
ing the sky with vivid streaks of lightning. Our kite balloon, not yet deflated after the recent trip to sea, floated a thousand feet above our stern. Lightning and hydrogen gas! We had no fireworks with which to welcome Albert; we needed none. As their majesties neared the ship a vivid fork streaked downward, and with a flare that could be seen for miles our kite balloon descended from its airy berth in a flaming spiral and cast its wreckage on the firth below.

King Albert covered the ship from bridge to firerooms. And nothing daunted, Queen Elizabeth was with the party every minute. In the firerooms King Albert grasped a shovel given him, and promptly stoked one of the roaring fires. Money could not remove that shovel from its case to-day, an everlasting trophy of the war. Six feet two inches in his uniform, broad chested, and wearing a smile, the Fighting King made an imposing figure. He dwarfed all those about him, particularly his tiny queen. Queen Elizabeth wore white entirely, but followed the inspection without the slightest regard for grease or smudge. Their Majesties seemed to enjoy the visit immensely. We loved them too, perhaps because they are delightfully unlike the picture we had formed of reigning monarchs. By those who were aboard our ship that summer day and felt that royal courtesy, this tribute of the Belgian nation has been placed among our highest honours.

The following morning at "quarters" an appreciation from Admiral Rodman was published to all divisions, in which they found reward for their remarkable performance:

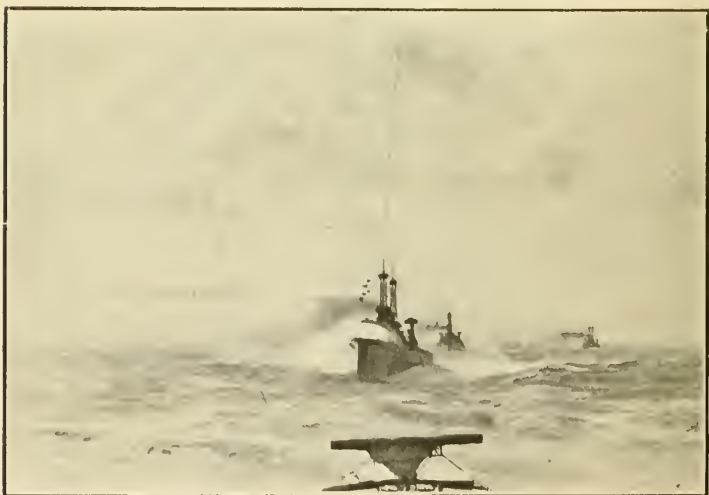
The division commander wishes to express to the Captain, officers, and men of the *New York*, his appreciation of the splendid work and the results accomplished in thoroughly cleaning and painting the ship after coaling, in the short time and under the trying conditions in which they laboured in getting ready for the visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians. Such results can only be obtained when there is the proper spirit behind it.

Visitors continued to come to us as the days passed, until we began to comprehend the sentiments of a flower which had bloomed, by chance, near an apiary. A prince of Denmark, with his delegation and our ambassador, chanced upon us at a most appropriate time, just as a squadron put to sea to shield a convoy bound for his own shores and Norway. Prince Yorihiro of the *Higashi Fushimi* was given a great welcome on his official visit to the Grand Fleet, the occasion serving to emphasize the alliance and demonstrate the spirit of good fellowship and coöperation existing between the Allied and Japanese navies. The reception accorded the Prince by the fleet was not merely a ceremonial compliment, but an expression of the navy's appreciation of the assistance Japan had rendered to the Allied cause. It was a welcome in which the American squadron cordially



The Prophecy

The flag of Admiral Mayo, U.S.N., floating at the truck of the *Queen Elizabeth* on the occasion of his visit to the Grand Fleet in September, 1917, which arranged the union of the British and American navies.



Typical North Sea Conditions

The American Battle Squadron plunging along on its ceaseless vigil

participated. Prince Yorihiro, wearing the uniform of a full admiral, was accompanied by Prince Arthur of Connaught and a suite of Japanese and British officers. He was met on the *Queen Elizabeth* by Admiral Beatty, Admiral Burney and Admiral Rodman, with the Royal Marines mounting guard. The Prince spent a busy day and displayed the greatest interest and enthusiasm, expressing frequently his appreciation of the preparedness of the Grand Fleet for all eventualities. In the afternoon he paid a visit to us in the American squadron. To receive him on the flagship the crew was drawn up on deck in full salute while the band played the Japanese national anthem. A prolonged inspection followed, after which the Prince and his party took tea with Admiral Rodman.

The Naval Advisory Board spent two days with the fleet, realizing for the first time the magnitude and perfection of the forces. Representative P. H. Kelly of Michigan, one of the best-posted members of the Naval Affairs Committee, quite carried away by the revelation, returned to Washington shouting the praises of the Grand Fleet thus:

Great Britain's Grand Fleet is the most astounding exhibit of force that two eyes ever beheld. When we viewed that great naval force, ready to dash out into the North Sea on a moment's notice, there were three rows of ships riding at anchor and each row was eight miles long! There were warships of every kind and description from battle cruisers

790 feet in length to small submarines. We have American ships operating as a part of that wonderful force.

The Shipping Board, or part of it, came up from London. Pleasure indeed it was to feel the confidence expressed by these authorities on ships as they grasped for the first time the power of the Grand Fleet. Again, it was gratifying to watch the satisfaction grow on the face of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as he covered the ship and fleet. We had received from the Duke of Atholl, personal representative of King George, a message of welcome from His Majesty, and we felt, indeed, that the chain of our honours lacked but one link. The crew would often joke of it. They knew it would mean hard work but they wanted that one episode to crown the ever-growing heap of their experiences. Their hopes were realized.

In the forenoon of the twenty-second of July, 1918, it was my lot to have the watch on deck. That watch was perhaps the liveliest that could be imagined while in port. Men swarmed the decks with every sort of cleaning implement. The ship's boats plied in constant use, rushing a hundred "last details." For this was preparation to receive on board, at two P.M., His Majesty King George the Fifth of England.

Shortly past noon the majestic little despatch vessel, *Oak*, steamed down between our lines, the royal standard of England at her truck. The

Fourth Battle Squadron stood from the sea in close formation, passing the *Oak* midway between our lines and rendering full salute. The crew of every ship in the Grand Fleet had manned the rails, fringing the deck with living forms. And as the little royal vessel passed each mighty dreadnaught, three ringing cheers went up, and then "God Save the King." Louder and louder rang the cheers as the *Oak* came down the lines to where we lay; and when at last our crew let loose, its volume seemed to split the skies. At last the King had come!

The North Sea is subject to sudden changes. On this day, clear through the forenoon, the conditions of the visit by the British sovereign to the American flagship lent themselves to a sense of mystery. By two o'clock a dense mist had descended about us like a pall. Near the ship were other gray shapes, dimly visible through the haze. Beyond these were more distant objects, scarcely discernible. Everything else was swallowed up in the mist. Out from the gray surroundings over a drab sea, came speeding a little launch, with shining brass funnel, carrying the Sailor King. With him was the admiral in command of the Grand Fleet who had accompanied His Majesty from his own flagship on this memorable occasion. The King and his modest entourage climbed the steps leading to the deck of our great flagship and faced the Stars and Stripes which floated smartly

in the breeze. American marines, forming the guard of honour, gave the salute; bugles and drums rang out; the marine band followed with "God Save the King." Admiral Rodman and Captain Hughes of the flagship received the King and the Commander-in-Chief with the other flag officers, and at once the reality of the friendliness that underlay this ceremonial visit was evidenced.

On the flagship were the captains and senior officers from the other vessels of the American squadron, as well as fifty men from each. In double line, face to face, the complement was drawn around the entire vessel. Between the lines the King slowly moved, stopping from time to time as his eye noted some distinguishing mark differing from those of the British navy, and inquiring its significance.

The deck completed, His Majesty went on with manifest zeal and interest to make a tour of the ship under the American commander. His evident interest in all he saw was appreciated by officers and men alike.

"He is by training a naval man," one British officer put it, "and when he speaks of a ship he knows what he is talking about."

King George showed special interest in the laundry, with its Chinese attendants; in the bakery, where probably the finest bread in Europe was being turned out (we had white flour direct from the States); in the cold storage of meats, the ex-

tensive galley, the sick bay, and the modern barber shops. Above all he admired the cleanliness and sweetness of the air throughout the entire ship, even when he had descended to the lowest deck.

"In the American navy," remarked His Majesty, "the precept of cleanliness being next to godliness has been effectively adopted."

In thoroughness, his examination was second to none. Not to be outdone by Albert of Belgium, His Majesty descended through the many decks to the engine room and from it to the firerooms. Again one of the shovels was laid aside, engraved and encased. It will be for ever a trophy of the flagship, for with it King George of England stoked an American fire. How different the Teutonic conception of the prerogatives of princes!

In the excitement and thrill of contact with England's king we had dwelt little upon the day's great meaning. Not until evening did we realize its full significance. King George had inspected the Grand Fleet of the English-speaking peoples. In that simple statement of fact is implied a revolutionary change in international sentiment and relations, as well as in maritime organization. The London *Times* of the following day expressed the situation by saying: "The King's visit to the United Navy of the two kindred powers who have joined force to secure the reign of justice and humanity among the nations of the earth may be said, indeed, to set up a new landmark in modern

history.” Of friendly feeling and the courtesies between our navies there had never been any lack, but here we had the spectacle of a combined fleet offering tribute and being honoured by the Sovereign of England. And were the conditions reversed, the same due would be paid our President.

From his training, as well as from his position, no one was better qualified than the Sailor King to understand and appreciate the new and powerful bond of unity. At the conclusion of his memorable visit King George gave the following message to the Commander-in-Chief:

I am happy to have found myself once more with the Grand Fleet, and this pleasure has been increased by the opportunity I have had of seeing the splendid ships of the United States in line with our own, and of meeting Admiral Rodman together with the officers and men under him. We value their comradeship and are proud of their achievements.

Our Commander-in-chief, Admiral Beatty, addressed the King in reply:

The Grand Fleet is deeply grateful for your Majesty’s gracious and inspiring message. Your presence with your fleet has stimulated all hands in the great task upon which we are engaged and has afforded us another opportunity of giving expression to our unswerving loyalty and devotion to Your Majesty’s person. We are glad that Your Majesty should have been able personally to observe our complete accord with the United States squadron and the firm friendship which binds their officers and men to your own.

It was on the occasion of this visit of the King to the Grand Fleet that, on the deck of Admiral Beatty's flagship *Queen Elizabeth*, he bestowed the K. C. B. upon Admiral Rodman. As a crowning tribute, the following telegram was transmitted from His Majesty the King to President Wilson:

It has given me great pleasure to have visited this afternoon the United States Ship *New York* and to have made the acquaintance of Rear-Admiral Rodman and the captains of the battleship force now operating with my Grand Fleet, and I also had the opportunity of seeing the representatives from other ships of the squadron.

I should like to express my admiration of the high efficiency and general smartness of the force.

The happy relations which exist between the United States Squadron and their British comrades, and the unity of purpose which characterizes their work, are sure guarantees of the continued success of the Allied arms at sea.

In these messages we realized at last the accomplishment of our great unity of purpose. We felt then, as we felt again at the German surrender in the presence of the King, that the great union of the English-speaking peoples in the cause of right must prevail, now and forever. For the sacred purpose of the hour the naval strength of Great Britain and the United States had been more than brought into alliance; they were blended into a union, the remembrance and the influence of which will pass down to the last generations.

CHAPTER VI

OUT OF THE WATER

GROOMED IN A FLOATING DRY DOCK AND EQUIPPED WITH
PARAVANES. GLIMPSES OF FIGHTING FRANCE FROM
LAND AND SKY AND SEA. ENGLAND AT WAR

*France gaily bleeds upon her torn frontiers and counts her
waning wealth of men and gold with still unquailing heart.*

*Britain in vain hurls her full strength into the West, recruits
increasing levies for the slaughter heap.*

—KAUFMAN.

FOR eleven consecutive months, with the exception of four nights, the officers and men of the Flagship *New York* slept aboard their vessel. Picture then, the glorious sense of freedom, the relaxation, the adventure, of those four nights! On the seventeenth of February, 1918, something happened which when it was over, we scarcely realized: It was announced that we were going to dry dock at Newcastle, there to be given leave. We were going to England and could pretend, for a few days, that there was no war. For two weeks we would be out of water, the crew to have leave in two shifts. The ship would refit and be rigged for paravanes. It was a happy night, that night of the seventeenth. I hardly

slept at all. Mail came from the States in the early evening (we received it in lots of about twenty bags per ship each ten days or so), which made news fly and spirits rise still more. At eight o'clock we went to short steaming notice, making our early departure almost certain. The mid-watch was mine, and with it came a gale of wind and rain. Not very bright for our prospective trip.

Dawn showed no break, but more than a gale was needed to thwart our plans. At noon the *New York* left the fleet and flag behind, rounded the headlands of the firth and plunged into North Sea winter weather. The gale drove dead ahead. We slowed as the sea increased, to give some chance to the destroyers which had come to screen us, but even this proved futile. The heavy chop slapped our great bows till we trembled even under ten knots speed. Sheets of white spray hid the destroyers entirely from our view except at intervals when we caught them roaring over wave crests. A day of such strain taxed them so heavily that when the darkness came they all were turned aside to make their way to the Firth of Forth and leave us to our fate, unguarded.

Nearly all hands stood watch through the night. We were rewarded, for the gale fell gradually flat. But a dense morning fog replaced the wind, which pleased the captain even less. How we found the Firth of Tyne seemed miraculous, for we couldn't see a ship's length. There was whistling enough

as we passed the many black hulls of merchantmen outbound from the mouth, and after nearly ramming two of them the fog began to lift before a brilliant sunrise.

Between the great breakwaters of the river's mouth we steamed, on into the narrowing inlet, a marvel of the industrial world, a war development of England. Solid ships in all construction stages lined its banks, closing to within a few hundred feet of us on either side. The huge factories behind the great hulls clattered, steamed, and belched their activities as a swarm of struggling tugs kept our ship in midstream. Dense and more dense grew this lane of industry as we moved along it, and as our towering basket masts loomed up between the rears of thickly planted buildings, great crowds rushed out and swarmed the docks. When they realized the full significance of the bright new ensign floating proudly from the yards of the strange gray monster they beheld, a mighty cheer went up from these crowds along the river banks, sustained and multiplied as we slowly forced our way around each bend. To them for the first time, America had come.

Rounding a sharp turn we were confronted suddenly by a huge basin-like affair, a floating dry dock. Few of us had ever seen a dock of this type, for our navy prefers the graving, or basin-type dock. A floating dock operates in exactly the reverse manner from a graving dock. It consists

essentially of a pontoon with a deck large enough to take the vessel to be docked, with pontoon sides extending upward from it. This dock is submerged by allowing the pontoons to fill with water, and the vessel is floated into it. The water is then pumped out of the pontoons and the dock rises, lifting the ship with it. Picture then, the enormous size of the floating dock which would lift a dreadnaught! Gradually we passed between its sides, were lashed and "shored" up, and began the steady rise. Over the side went the bluejackets, swarming on the "stage planks" hung by rope completely around the ship, to start the cleaning of the great hull. With brooms and scrapers they worked in their filthiest clothes, all day, lowering their stages to follow the receding water down the slimy hull. For when wet, marine growth drops easily from the underbody, but must be scraped with much effort when dry. Dry-dock work is always rushed, for other vessels are waiting their turn. Picture the rush this time, by a crew who knew that the first half who were finished could go on leave at once! It was a thorough job and in record time. Before nightfall the hull was clean and dry, ready for the first coat of antifouling paint next morning.

Once below decks the business of deciding to go on leave, typewriting a request, obtaining permission from Captain Hughes, packing, and leaving for France consumed just forty-five minutes.

Off into the misty night we steamed in a fifty-footer, leaving behind us the usual chaotic dry-dock state of a ship at the mercy of electric riveters and buzzing blow-torches. Raised out of the sea in her lofty cradle the great ship loomed like a mountain as we drew away through her far-reaching twilight shadow.

Scarcely knowing where we might end up, we boarded the train at Newcastle next morning for London. Men were on that train with us, returning to the dreaded south, whose full equipment packs and deep-rimmed eyes bespoke their dreadful, noble destination. Even in this industrial city of the north, khaki predominated all. Everywhere, the letters "S.O.S." would catch the eye. It was England's motto in her stress, perforce adopted: "Save or Starve." Save she certainly did, it soon became all too apparent. The meal we had, the apology for one, seemed scarcely dog-sized. Money could not buy more. We ate by law. Still, smilingly, the people throve on just this fare from habit, and we felt that such an England could not starve. A lieutenant of a British machine-gun corps had entered our compartment, fresh from Cambrai. His wits were bristling with recent memories of things that tend to make men age by weeks. With incidents and tragedies of how his troop division, 2,600 strong had marched against Cambrai and returned with 520 fighting strength, he whiled away that ride to London.

There, in the blue lights of a darkened city, we rushed about from department to department of the Naval Headquarters in vain efforts to gain permission and the needed passports to visit France. Finally, as described elsewhere herein, we obtained them personally from our great and much-loved Admiral Sims. It was a weird night, with an attempted air raid in the early morning, which made us the more glad to leave for Folkestone in the forenoon.

Our American uniforms secured our seats, which to the public were long sold out. Looking from the car window to the masses on the platform was perhaps the saddest sight in the world those days. Men were leaving again, leaving all that they loved, for the horrors and the glory of the trenches. The platforms swarmed not alone with soldiers but with weeping wives, mothers, sweethearts, friends, who knew they would likely never see the parting ones again. It seemed as though the train would never move, but when at last it did, and we saw hope pass out of the tear-dimmed eyes of hundreds who remained, there was no heart for conversation. Sending a man to camp or even to hazy "overseas" is greatly different from departure for "to-morrow in the trenches." Columns of infantry with full equipment were already filing up the gangplanks when we reached the channel steamers. There was no emotion here. Men were returning to their business, the only busi-

ness they had known for three long years. Company after company crowded the ships before we gained our passage, for the customs and military authorities here were ultra strict. Only the magic of four letters finally let us through, the precious S-I-M-S, without which we never could have crossed to France.

Simultaneously with the appearance of four destroyers foaming toward the harbour mouth, both vessels cast loose and were under way. An order at once passed over the ship for all hands to don life preservers. The officer enforcing this on our deck first stopped and glared at us without them, then smiled in recognition of the uniform. It seemed ridiculous indeed, yet England's record of transporting thirteen million troops across this channel with a loss of only twenty-seven hundred lives must be maintained.

At fifteen knots the chalky white clay cliffs soon faded in the northern mists, and disappearing left us straining to pick up France. Midway we passed the opposite-bound channel convoy from Boulogne, and leaving it were thrilled to see the rolling shores of France gleam through the sunlit haze. Gradually we neared the harbour of Boulogne with its myriad of sailing fishermen converging with us to the shelter of the huge breakwater. Instead of standing on our course into the harbour, we suddenly wheeled about and to our amazement proceeded up the channel full speed

backward! This custom is necessitated by the tremendous rise and fall of tide, which at the ebb, permits no depth for turning in the water.

Boulogne lay there, a town in arms behind the lines. It had been made one of the greatest transportation arteries to the western front, lying, in fact, but four hours behind the lines. Troops swarmed this camp-town, waiting their despatch. Long lines of railroad cars and trucks blocked every highway, steam replacing gasoline in large part for fuel. Many of the trucks were driven by small steam engines which puffed noisily along the streets. The railroad tracks and yards were jammed with cars which seemed always to be moving in or out. There was no loafing here, no rest. For rest meant ruin.

After a meal at the temporary officers' club, a meal which at once revealed the far better food situation which France enjoyed, we left in a car for Wimereux, that once famous summer resort of northern France, which had been converted into one of her greatest hospital centres. From all parts of the fighting front wounded men were sent here as their immediate danger stage was passed. Not only had all casinos, pavilions, hotels and resorts been utilized to house the patients, but miles and miles of temporary buildings had been built and used. Nurses in khaki seemed to be everywhere, and a few wore white. Hundreds of ambulances, driven by men and by women, plied

about the base on countless errands. There were great outdoor kitchens, sleeping pavilions, barracks of every sort. Sometimes the wounded lay in cots on lawns or on the beach, and all were divided into camps of their own nationality. It seemed like reviewing exhibits at a fair to pass the flags of every Allied nation flying above the various camps, all races, continents and both hemispheres here represented. From the hills at the northern side we could see the outposted patrol of blimps and planes, as they floated incessantly back and forth, leaving with us a sense of living behind a barrier. And then, returning, we passed a huge meadow in which no flowers grew, but in their place long lines of small white crosses fading in the distance. Description does injustice to this sight. One must see it at a time like that, and feel it.

We had eaten dinner and were waiting for the midnight train to Paris when one more thrill dropped on the quiet night. The town was suddenly alive, for by a wonderfully perfected system the warning of a coming air raid had been passed to every ear. Not a light remained in town to guide us as we tried to catch some glimpse of the intruders. The sky guns on the hills cracked and boomed as their shells flew into space, but low-flying clouds broke up the visibility. Just as we were concluding that another false alarm had been sent out, the ground we stood on trembled and a dull flash nerved us for the shocking roar. Less

than a mile away a bomb had landed in the centre of a city street. On our return from Paris, three days later, we had time to visit that spot and see a city block in ruin. The torn pavement had been hurled through the walls of buildings, two of which had fallen. Stone ornaments and fixtures had crashed to the pavement and not a single window in the block remained unshattered. There was a casually list to grit the teeth and look at, but the people heeded little such an incident. Theirs was a bigger task, to win the war.

On the floor of a coach we slept, or attempted to sleep, the jerky, noisy ride to Paris, sharing our compartment with two officers of the Royal Flying Corps. Toward nine o'clock, two hours late, we entered the city of our destination, a fighting, hopeful, manless city, Paris. Manless, for only the chaff were left without uniforms. The women, too, wore blue or white in large proportion—all in the service, striving for one end. A strange emptiness could be felt in the streets, then as at no later time, for when the American soldiers came, they reawakened Paris. Crutches and slings and campaign ribbons in plenty bespoke the Marne. Girls in the banks and stores and cars pronounced the sacrifice. Yet there was food in plenty, such as England had not seen for years. Paris had suffered from the air less frequently than London, but with heavier bombs. Some had been dropped which were reported to be 1,000-pound pro-

jectiles. All statuary and fine carving in the city had been or were being encased with sandbags for protection, leaving no art to be seen.

One of our most interesting incidents in Paris proved to be our quest of a German helmet. After some hours of endeavour we succeeded in locating two of them, but neither could be separated from its owner. We were abandoning the search, when a woman, who had overheard our conversation in a small store, ventured that she had one we might like. Leaving a card to tell where she could send it, I scarcely expected to hear of it again. Nevertheless there was delivered to us, just before we left, a box containing the desired helmet and this unusual though characteristically French note:

SIR:

Here are the "Souvenirs" that I promised to you yesterday afternoon. I am sorry to send you only this "Casque de trenchée's" and Bavarian cap, but I join to them a better thing; a tiny bit of aëroplane coming from a machine which our Guynemer destroyed a few months before his death, poor kid!

I give it *to you* because you were much more confident in me than your comrade who, it is quite easy to see, has been taught to be very, very careful with French women! Besides, he is quite right, and it is certainly the best thing for you both to do just now, as Paris is sometimes more dangerous than "U"-boats. But I think that, in my quality of French, I *must* help our Allies as far as I can do it, and it is a great pleasure for me to say that I like to see you coming

to us during this horrid tragedy, as loyally as you did, and that I would be pleased to prove to you for my own part, how far our old France is grateful to your beautiful "Mother land."

God bless you and your friend, and find here my best regards with all my pleasure to give something to the Great War.

The shortage of men in the city afforded a decided struggle to dine alone. Each meal created the same experience, most amusingly. In its gay spots, Paris lived the same life it had known in peace days. The times afforded some excuse for mad conduct, and having seen the state of immorality existing in some parts one ceased to wonder that the fighters in the trenches were glad to learn of Paris being air bombed! Yet there is a fascination to this wild side of Paris unlike that to be found elsewhere in the world.

So much for Paris; but with our prohibitive orders we had not a chance of seeing what we most desired—the real front. On the morning of Washington's Birthday the idea occurred to us that something might be accomplished in the air. This happy thought soon had us hustling to the American Aviation headquarters which we located by the interminable line of U. S. motor trucks parked on the curbs outside. A lucky break gave us an army car and driver for the day, and started us for the great French testing fields at Villacoublay, about an hour distant.

On the sea we knew little of the air. We had not taken time to follow its advance. Imagine,

then, our sensation at coming suddenly upon the mammoth field at Villacoublay. Too huge an enterprise to associate with airplanes, too staggering a revelation at once to be assimilated, we stood and gazed amazedly. There lay before us as we passed inside the fence, a vast oval plain perhaps two miles across, bordered on all sides by scores of great hangars housing up to twelve machines apiece. All types of planes were represented here, some flying, some pulled out and resting on the plain, some standing in their sheds like sleeping dragon flies. Triplanes, biplanes, monoplanes, from huge bombers to the tiniest scout, some nearly obsolete, more of the newest types, made up a fleet conservatively numbering fifteen hundred planes. It was the consummation of the dreams of Wilbur Wright. Hours could have passed in simple observation; but we were there to fly. It was not long before Lieutenant Châtan, a French army pilot to whom we bore an introduction, arrived to make some test flights. At Villacoublay no one thinks flying out of ordinary. Châtan seemed delighted to find some one really keen to fly. He wore two bars and palm on his Croix de Guerre, had been retired temporarily from the front with minor injuries. To him flying had become as natural as to drive his car. His real work lay with the wireless telephone and synchronization of machine-gun fire through rotating propeller blades. Neither my comrade nor I had ever flown.

Lieutenant Châtan was to make four flights—two for each of us. With a few directions to his mechanics and a glance here and there Châtan jumped into his cockpit and was ready. I had hurried into a borrowed flying suit and climbed behind him. In a tremendous whirl we left the ground, and for the first time I felt that delicious sailing sensation of a 'plane. Up—up—up—the appreciation of our eighty-mile speed soon was lost, for there was nothing passing, no perspective. The forests below looked like toy sticks in a sand pile, while the great flying field and its surroundings might have been for football. Versailles and Paris lay below us at a single glance, set in the rolling landscape of France, four thousand feet beneath. Into the fleecy clouds the pilot wove his way, blotting out the earth completely. Then suddenly our nose turned downward and we banked sharply on a curve. The curve continued and blood rushed to my head as our speed increased to 120 miles an hour. The motor ceased to roar as I saw the propeller lag. Earth, sky, horizon, all were one for an instant; then with a jerky upward glide our tumble checked. The motor cracked and hummed again as we glided smoothly. A huge court lay beneath us, scarcely five hundred feet away, surrounded by huge marble buildings. We had done a spiral nose dive over the Palace at Versailles!

On the second flight we travelled north and east, flying at three thousand feet. Châtan broke the

silence with a gesture. "There," he shouted, "you can discern the second lines. We must turn back, for we are unarmed." I agreed with him. Above the great field he ran down a graceful letter S as he circled the desired landing spot, without his motor turning. Gliding to earth he switched on his motor, bounded forward as he touched the field, and jerked along until finally, cutting off the spark, the dainty Nieuport came to rest with lagging propeller, a stone's throw from its hangar. Such a demonstration of control and development in the air left me assured that sea life was too tame a calling in this day and age. To any one who doubts the future of the airplane I recommend a single visit to such a field as Villacoublay, where the thought, the work, the future of the cause is built in terms of air.

Next morning found us in Boulogne, returning. The trip had been more quiet and permitted sleep. We visited the scene of damage we had witnessed in the air raid, and made our way without event to England with the cheery troops returning for their well-earned leave. There were several hours in darkened London, which on Sunday night afforded small attraction to a stranger. Captain Hughes and many other officers had joined us on the train which brought us into Newcastle, quite sleepless, at five A.M.

Down the narrow river Tyne we sped with the tide, in a special boat, until with great relief we caught a welcome glimpse of the towering basket

tops, raised far above the river mists of dawn. Soon a huge wall of red lay squarely in our course. The great hull had received its first dressing, and glistening, bespoke its fine condition. On watch at once, the hammering, tearing, shouting week of dry-dock ordeal began for those of us whose lot had been the first division of the leave.

The real purpose of this dry-dock period for the *New York* had nearly been completed. She was dry-docked, primarily, to be rigged to carry paravanes, those steel fish-line devices which are towed from the bows of a ship and plane outward on a steel cable to protect a ship in mine-infested waters. Briefly, a paravane is made up of a hollow, torpedo-shaped body, crossed by a steel plane terminating in two floats. Horizontal and vertical rudders form a tail and it is equipped with a cable-cutting jaw. In operation a paravane is towed on either side of a ship by a single cable attached to the bow below the surface near the bottom of the hull. The paravanes plane out on either side of the ship to a distance of about thirty feet, held there by the angle at which the vertical rudder is set. Its plane member and its horizontal rudder hold the paravane on its course and at the proper depth. On either side of the ship's fo'castle a boom is rigged with tackle which hoists or lowers the paravane out and in. The cables from this boom remain attached but are slacked when the paravane is operating. Thus a V-shaped wedge is formed

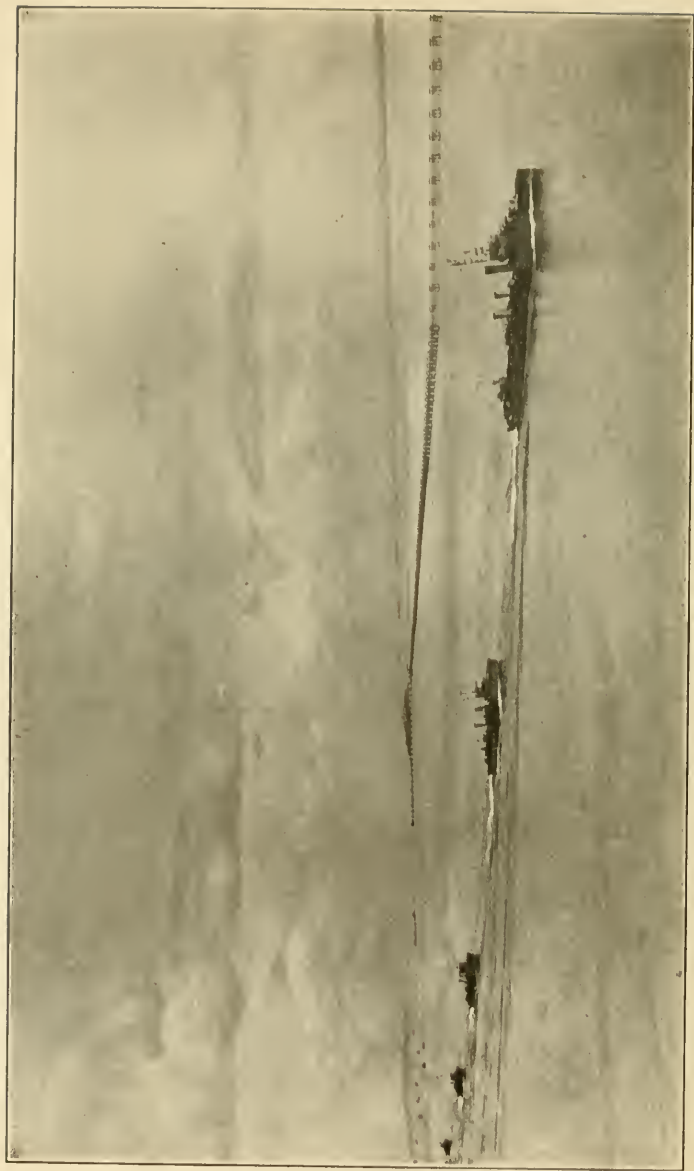
across the ship's bows, fending off whatever comes in contact. Mines, which are attached to cables running to the bottom, are engaged by the paravane wire and slide along it on their own cable until they come to the jaw. The jaw cuts the mine cable and the mine rises harmlessly to the surface. Their effectiveness has been repeatedly proven in the mine zone by every type of vessel. Ships travelling at high speeds experience considerable difficulty with paravanes, owing to the breakage of the towing wire under the increased strain, which seems to be their only fault. The serious losses incurred by enemy mines in the early stages of the war were almost entirely eliminated by the use of Britain's great invention, paravanes. It was with a sense of profound relief indeed that we greeted the installation of paravane equipment in our ship, for we had heretofore regarded the mine as a far more treacherous weapon than the torpedo.

One day of that week in drydock provided an experience never to be forgotten. Vaguely we had learned that one of the greatest British munition factories was close at hand, but that the strictness of war measures made it practically impossible to gain admittance. Two of us determined to take a chance, however, and by reference to Captain Hughes and the *New York* we managed to get past a dozen sentries to a receiving room. Here two men took identification data from us, telephoned the ship and finally carried our cards to Sir Percy



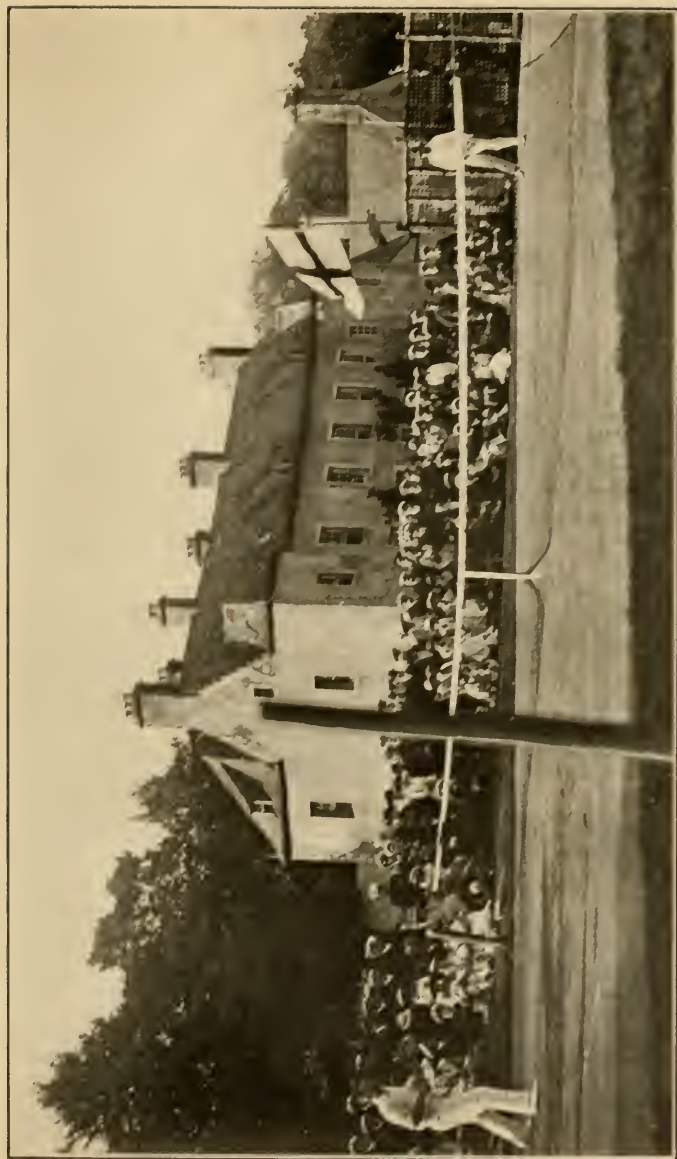
Admiral Beatty Chatting with the King

On the occasion of a visit of King George to the Grand Fleet's Flagship,
Queen Elizabeth



The Submarine Defense Nets in the Firth of Forth

Behind which the Grand Fleet anchored when off duty. A division of the British destroyer patrol returning to the Firth of Forth in the morning

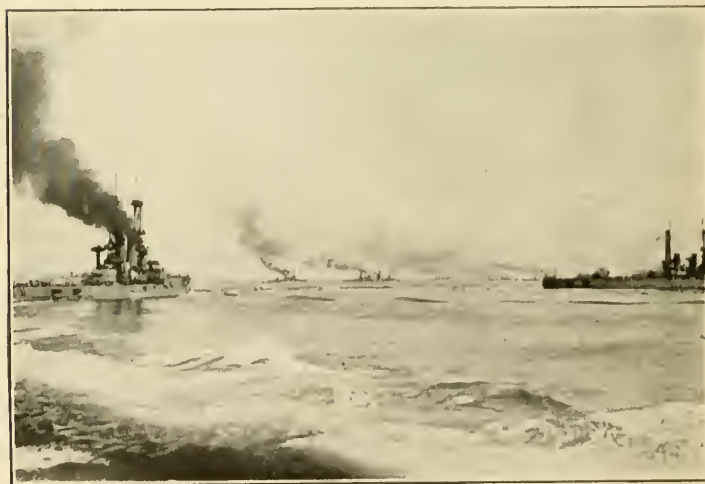


Tennis on Admiral Beatty's court in Aberdour, Scotland

The author (left) is opposed to Lieutenant Cleather, R.N. (right). The Admiral's home is in the background, and the large "gallery" is occasioned by Lady Beatty's Red Cross Fête



Admiral Rodman and His Four Original Captains
Left to right: Captain Seales, Captain Wiley, Captain Washington,
Captain Hughes



“Sixteen Blue!”

The American Squadron executing a right about turn while manœuvring
with the Grand Fleet

Girouard, one of the principals of this vast concern, the "Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth Company." Our status established, they could not do enough for us. After luncheon in the directors' dining room, Sir Percy outlined what the plant comprised, then detailed one of his assistants to be our guide.

There are many centres in the web of a great war which, in the clamour of the front-line contact of the infantry, we are wont to overlook. It is the power behind that pushes on the fighting men, the unseen forces which maintain them. Realization of this truth struck me for the first time as we passed through building after building of this mammoth plant dedicated to the industry of war. For three solid miles along the waterfront the buildings were massed, perhaps four deep. Within their walls the labour of seventy-five thousand men and women was bent incessantly on the production and dispatch of every sort of war machine and projectile in use. It was the answer of Vulcan to the call of Mars. Organization carried the great departments independently from units of a whole down to the corner that was making some tiny article. The shell department had grown within itself in twenty months from two thousand to thirty-five thousand persons, 50 per cent. of whom were women. There were shells of every sort in mighty heaps from fourteen-inch explosive siege shells to machine-gun and rifle bullets in hundreds of thousands. We traced them from the foundries

where the molten metal glared, to the freight cars in the shipping houses, bound for London. There were the guns themselves, literally miles of them, naval guns and army guns, six-pounders to the tremendous 14-inch rifles mounted on railway carriages, with all their intricate mechanism and equipment. They could be seen red hot as castings, dropped, shrinking, forging, tooling, wire-winding or at any stage of ordnance manufacture in this labyrinth of incessant toil, toil, toil. An endless chain of ships and freight cars brought in fuel and raw materials. Another train plied day and night to rush the finished product to the fighting fronts. There seemed to be no limit to the stream of output, for the swarm of employees were working as their brothers fought, that they might live. Nor was their fashioning of metal limited to guns and shells. Tanks, submarines, torpedoes, turrets, even destroyers were in construction, each involving a complete factory. As we entered each new unit we were shown the interesting features of construction until at the end of two hours I felt the grim realization that the industry and brains of our world had turned to a new and stupendous object: war. Behind such plants the British nation lay, for the success of her armies rested here. No glory for this great army slaving in the dingy rattle and roar of the machine shops. They are slaves to the cause. The men in the first line call for guns, for shells; they get them, little realizing

the untiring toil that puts them "over the top." The afternoon was far too short, but left us with a new sense of insignificance, of admiration for the mighty British nation.

The remainder of that week in dry dock was consumed with returning obligations to the city of Newcastle. The ship looked splendid beneath her shiny coat of paint and well repaid our guests their visits. The shouting of orders, the creak of straining hawsers, the droning of holystones on the deck above, which wakened me on Saturday morning, served also to disclose a flooded dry dock. There remained but to secure for sea, be warped away by a host of tugs, and then farewell. We passed from the land to join the fleet, completely recreated.

Our approach to the sea had been long heralded to the patrols, and with good reason. Three times a ship which had left the dry dock on the Tyne had been met by immediate attack. One of these destroyed the battleship, *King Edward VII*. Information from an inside source is suspected to leak out concerning the movements of dry-docked vessels. Therefore our reception by patrols was made complete. As we passed the harbour breakwaters the dark bluffs, sharply silhouetted in the western sunlight, stood out as a friendly haven, hard to leave. Two bombing seaplanes, huge and laden, swept above our channel, back and forth. Four mine sweepers passed in, returning, their duty done

for us. A fanlike shield of motor launches, armed with depth bombs, spread before us twenty strong, and still beyond our own destroyers lay, for all the world like pawing, neighing mounts awaiting the chase, as they breathed out their volumes of inky smoke. Battle stations sounded sharply. Our paravanes, swinging on the davits, took their initial plunge. The wires hummed as they tautened with the strain of the planing bodies, and we felt secure. Our secondary battery scarcely had been manned, with powder only coming up the hoists when "Train on submarine bearing 50" came rushing down the voice tube from control. Four seconds made us ready. Four vessels of our vanguard were converging on the spot and found no scent replying to their tearing bombs. They sought in vain the vanished periscope, joined by a hundred lookouts. No movement, no suspicion broke the fading dusk. One by one our escort dwindled as the little fellows turned away. Their part was done. For theirs is a game in which the victor has no spoils to claim, only a silent victory, protecting. Our path lay to the deep sea with the destroyers. The airplanes circled, rose, turned westward, disappeared. Clouds streaked out great blotches in the glowing west which cast a gloomy shadow on our flank as we veered northward, opened up to eighteen knots and squared away.

CHAPTER VII

BACKING BEATTY

OPERATIONS OF THE AMERICAN BATTLE SQUADRON IN THE NORTH SEA, 1917-1918

*Oh, wondrous hour ! Oh, mighty power !
Oh, work of mortal man !
Your cause is just—guard well your trust,
As only real men can.
Stand fast for right throughout your fight
To keep the ocean free:
We stand or fall, we stake our all,
When the Grand Fleet goes to sea.*

—E. E. WILSON.

I HAD always certain misgivings," declared Admiral Beatty, after the surrender of the German fleet, "and when the Sixth Battle Squadron became a part of the Grand Fleet those misgivings were doubly strengthened. I knew then they would throw up their hands. Apparently, the Sixth Battle Squadron was the last straw that broke the camel's back."

To describe just how this "last straw broke the camel's back," its part in accomplishing the great end, involves telling the story of the year of operations of our Battle Squadron with the Grand Fleet under the dashing Admiral Beatty. To the average person, the most surprising feature of that

year of coöperation in the Allied navies is the absence of a capital engagement. That this should cause surprise is due in the first place to the hazy understanding which prevails, of even the most fundamental phases of naval warfare—to the lack of realization that “the navy is a shield and not a rattling sabre.”

When the American Battle Squadron joined the Grand Fleet of Britain in December, 1917, that great force was lying quietly in its northern base at Scapa Flow, a harbour of the Orkney Islands. A few days after our arrival I climbed to the crest of a hill on a little island called Flotta, to look over that great, landlocked harbour. Spread out below me, swinging aimlessly to the whims of the eddying currents, lay the Grand Fleet. No little awe did those ships inspire, mingling with the gray of earth and sky and sea. One thought alone kept throbbing before me, that I beheld, in that square mile of listless ships, the only barrier that lay between a decent earth and a fiendish, Hunnish chaos. Could he throttle that fleet where it lay, the Hun would control the seas. And control of the seas must, ultimately, prevail. Small wonder that the eyes of the world were with mine as I gazed on that complex, steely fabric, the sure shield that had protected the world and maintained the armies of freedom through three long years.

The following week, for the first time since our

arrival, we went to sea. The Grand Fleet was on one of her many "baiting" exploits, involving the entire Allied sea forces. The British tossed such exploits off in scorn because through weeks, and months, and years, all trials and tricks had failed to coax the Hun from his protected lair. To evade the prowling submarines which lay for ever in our harbour mouths, we sailed, according to the custom in the black of night. No glimmer of light, no sound, revealed a single ship. A delicate clock, a gyro compass, a patent log, and a little group of men within each hull, controlled the destinies of nations. A hundred strong those great gray monsters wound their way through the layers of nets and fields of mines; mastered the rocks and shoals of Pentland Firth and passed on to the sea, unheralded, unknown. To the veteran British it had become routine; to us it was a revelation. Again, the triumph of navigation.

When I came on deck in the blazing sunrise of the following morning, I beheld a sight which sent a thrill from tip to toe, and which, once seen, could never be forgotten. The Grand Fleet stretched away before me, a veritable cordon of living steel, touching the arc of heaven either way! No longer the greyhounds of Scapa lolling listlessly, and sleepily about their kennels. Here was the pack in full cry, belching dense volumes of black smoke as they sped on defiantly to catch the scent. Millions of dollars and thousands of men! The

glorious accomplishment of years of toil and hope, for an ideal. To work with it, to fight with it, to be a part of this vast array was our lot for months as we skirted the enemy's coasts from Heligoland to Norway.

This first endeavour bore no fruit. The enemy did not appear in any form. Perhaps for us it was as well, for we were intensely occupied with the task of merging ourselves with the British navy. We were actually being grafted on to a great parent tree. The task must have been consuming for those in command. We hear frequently of the trials and despair encountered by those divisions of our army that were forced to give up their American ways, their American equipment, their American command. But they had time for readjustment, opportunity to confer, margins for error. Not so with navies. We found ourselves at once in the enemy's territory, supposedly ready for attack, a new unit of a great force which had been drilled to the utmost perfection; operating in formations and deployments entirely new; using a totally strange system of signals, flags, and codes. For the signal force it meant forget at once their life's work and begin all over. It was day and night for them, but they stuck to it. Mistakes gradually diminished, until they faded completely away. But on that first sally more than once we held our breath. The wireless force found itself in no better plight, with changed atmosphere, more



War Chart of the North Sea

Outlining exact courses of the American Battle Squadron while operating as a unit of the Grand Fleet. The shaded areas indicate allied mine fields. Note North Sea mine barrage across northern entrance.

interferences—a myriad of them—different Hert-zian wave lengths and strange operators to receive from! It was disheartening to the man who had considered himself expert. But there we were, at sea and cleared for action—and all that could be done was “carry on.” A few weeks later Admiral Rodman asked a visiting British officer what it was that most impressed him on his ship. To quote that officer, he thus replied: “To all intents and purposes you’ve dropped out of the skies plop into the middle of the Grand Fleet. It’s a fleet that has been three and a half years at war. It belongs to the oldest and most conservative—if not the proudest—navy in the world. It’s got the Armada and the Nile and Copenhagen and Trafalgar and Jutland to its credit, and I fancy, it takes a largish size in hats on the strength of it. It certainly has a standard by which to judge strangers. From the moment your ships rounded that headland the British Fleet has been sizing you up. Every boat that is manned and leaves your ship, every officer or man who moves about your decks, is being watched and criticized and studied by several thousand pairs of eyes. You live in the limelight. All that is apt to make a very good man indeed self-conscious. I came over on the lookout for self-consciousness, like a lady visitor looks out for wet paint on board. I’ve been ten hours in your flagship, and I’ve talked to samples of every rank and rating. I’ve only seen one per-

son self-conscious under friendly scrutiny. I caught sight of myself in the looking glass."

Twice within a month we changed our base between Rosyth and Scapa, led by the *Queen Elizabeth*. We had learned thereby the British escort system and had cruised with British submarines—those 23-knot monster "tinfish" called the "K" class. We learned sadly enough what the North Sea winter meant—a seething cauldron in a drenching mist. Then, on the 6th of February, came our first exploit—alone.

The zest fell out of the morning drills when we learned that something big was in the air. Rumours of an operation were confirmed at noon, for we went to two hours' notice for steam, and then secured for sea. The squadron drifter, lying at our stern, requested of the officer of the deck permission to remain astern as usual for the night. "Yes," he replied, "if you can do 19 knots." At four we had our orders. The Sixth Battle Squadron was to shield a convoy bound for Bergen, Norway; to get between the convoy and the bases of the enemy, and stay there, come what might. It was a thrilling prospect. The evening, clear, bleak, quiet, was distinctly lavender; lighted, apparently, more by the snow-powdered hills than the gray sky. Silently, on signal, one by one, our four majestic bows swung into stately column which seemed rather to glide than be driven through the sea, so gentle was the throbbing of our mighty

screw-beats. Gradually we passed down the long lines of the Grand Fleet, superdreadnaughts, dreadnaughts, battle cruisers, cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers; silent, powerful, stretching to the very nets.

The nets! It would be unfitting not to dwell a moment on the service of the nets and the patrols of the Grand Fleet, for without their unswerving aid our operations would have been short-lived. At the outbreak of the war Great Britain possessed some four hundred vessels. When the Armistice was signed, more than five thousand flew the British flag, including some seventeen hundred trawlers, converted from a hundred peaceful sea pursuits to be patrol vessels, net guard vessels, mine sweepers, etc. The steam fishing fleets became a little navy within the great navy itself, and before the war's end boasted its own traditions. Outside of every naval base and harbour, these sturdy little sea worn vessels kept a never-ending vigil, day and night, the seasons 'round through four long years. They bore the daily drudgery and swept our channels clear of mines, no matter what the weather. Always they shielded us from the enemy's scouting submarines which lurked ever below the surface of our harbour mouths, with a patrol that dotted the coast from Dover to the Shetlands. They gamely bore the brunt of the German destroyer raids on English coastal towns, suffering from them heavy losses. And out there, plunging

up and down with every sea for months on end, a trawler held each hundred yards throughout the length of miles of barrier nets, behind which lay the fleet in serene safety. The conditions were appalling with which the super-men that formed the crews of those storm-scarred trawlers or drifters had to contend for their existence. None but a sailor, bred to the sea, could have stood it. Their food was seldom cooked; their clothes were often soaked, with all of their belongings; they had no exercise to speak of, scarcely room to stretch; and often, where I've been aboard, the air below decks reeked for lack of ventilation! "Only stout hulls and stouter hearts" could hope to endure and survive. Still they drove forward on their cheerless, desperate patrol, year after year, the knowledge of their service and two weeks' leave each year, their sole reward. But could those British sailors stay at home and see their unfortified coast towns shelled, their harmless sea industries harried, their helpless merchant commerce sunk? They had traditions, something up to which they had to live and die; they did it to the everlasting glory of their lives! To quote Mr. Paine, "The daily drudgery of mine sweeping is the riskiest game of the war by land or sea. It is safer by 60 per cent. as the proportionate percentage of casualties shows, to be in the front-line trenches than to stick to this job of the North Sea trawler. Their honour roll of dead is long and tragic, and on

it you will read the names of ship after ship of which there were no survivors to tell how the quick finish came." A poem, written in England by a North Sea man, is most appropriate, to further quote:

"Little trawler, little trawler,
 Ah, so black against the sky,
 With your sides all torn and battered
 And your flag but half-mast high,
 Did your voyage fail to prosper?"
 Cried the little trawler, "No;
 We went out and did our duty,
 But the skipper lies below."

"Little trawler, little trawler,
 With the quaint old English name,
 Did the little ships before you
 Ever join in such a game?"
 "Well, I've heard my mother tell me,"
 Said the trawler, "long ago,
 That Lord Howard had to use 'em
 Just as much as Jellicoe."

And so the entire American Battle Squadron looked reverently in admiration at the myriads of trawlers at the nets and our patrol, as we passed through the opened gates to the sea. On our first independent exploit the gods must have been with us. Not until we had weathered the months of storms which were to follow did we appreciate the fortune of it for our navigation. In the mountains of Montana and New Hampshire I have seen such nights as that of our departure, but never near the

sea. The atmosphere was crystal clear, seeming to magnify each star a dozen times. The sea glowed with their lumination. Then, on the first hour of the mid-watch, the north burst into a brilliant arc of light and moving streamers. A magnificent display of the *aurora borealis* followed, rolling its curtains of delicate fire across a setting of reflected brilliancy. Against this arc our escort of destroyers stood out silhouetted sharply black, and it occurred to us what huge and ideal targets we would make for an invisible submarine which might be lying to the southward. We neither heard nor saw a single object. It was not until next day, after we had successfully picked up our plodding 12-knot convoy, zigzagged and circled it, obtained our information and flanked it on the south that we had our first encounter with a German submarine. Shortly past noon our bow destroyer, well ahead, commenced firing rapidly and then released two depth charges. We were loaded in an instant, and waiting. The boiling water from the depth-charge shock revealed no wreckage as we passed close to them but the "sub" had been at least prevented from harming us. The destroyer reported it had fired on a diving periscope.

Next day we struck it far more lively. Morning found us ploughing into a dense fog and very near the coast of Norway. The mist was slow to rise but finally revealed the coast against a wall of snow-capped mountains backing up its jagged cliffs

and fjords. The sight of that strange land brought with it the first realization of the peril which threatened our situation. There we were, four battle-ships, alone save for a light protective screen, with the entire German High Seas Fleet five hours nearer than our closest reinforcements, and with their seven twenty-eight knot battle cruisers—who knew where? With whatever we might engage we must cling to them, as long as our teeth would hold, hoping for summoned reinforcements. If not annihilated we must have been well knocked about. Yet the British had risked their squadrons, week after week, and the best that had come out to threaten them were enemy light cruisers. Some of the Hun's philosophy will long remain unfathomed.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, promptly on a secret schedule, we picked up the returning convoy to the north'ard, bound for England. As we deployed to the southeast on our appointed duty, there seemed for us a dull afternoon ahead. The weather furnished no excitement, and as yet no Hun. Our gun crews tired of their never-ending watches, and had begun to look forward, as usual, to the eventful twilight. For Longfellow might well have revised his twilight lines for these North Sea evenings to:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the clouds are beginning to lower,
Comes the height of the day's preparations
Which is known as the Submarine's hour.



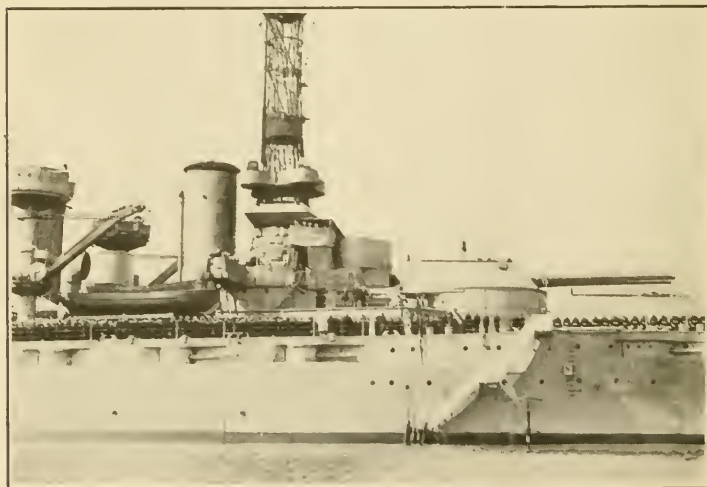
A Sea of Thought

Admiral Sims and Admiral Rodman "talking it over" on the
quarterdeck of the *New York*



A Snapshot for the Queen's Collection

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium snaps a picture on the deck of the *New York*



The Flagship at Attention

During the inspection by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium

This time, however, we had broad daylight, with the weather fair. Strangely enough, in spite of every posted lookout, it was Admiral Rodman himself who first observed the approaching danger. From the bridge below I heard him call his Chief-of-Staff, point out a strange black object off the starboard bow. Almost simultaneously the word was passed by lookout. Before the voice tubes brought it from control, the gun at which I stood had come to bear upon it. Then a—"Load! Train 30! German submarine!" came down. A rush of air, the bumping shell, the breech-click—ready! One breathless second seemed to pass before "Range 2720; scale 55" came down the tube. We lacked the last words: "Commence firing." The pointer and the trainer both were shouting "Mark! Mark!" as their gun mouthed hungrily, bearing on its prey. Seconds were precious; the delay must be fatal. Next instant we grasped the reason, and my temper fell. Our bow destroyer, jumping like a pouncing tiger, had lifted her keen bows clear out of water in a mass of foam before her thirty knots. Thrusting between us and the submarine, she hurled herself upon the foe. Seconds only were between them as the latter dived. A dull vibration shook the ship and tore the sea to bits as the first depth charge exploded. As referee, we would have called the duel off. But scarcely was this episode completed, when *Florida*, in line abreast to starboard, took up the game. Her

siren shrieked a warning as she jammed her helm to port, nearly grazing the *Wyoming's* stern. The torpedo shot across her bows, missed, sped on to oblivion. Signals flew. The shutters of our search-lights clattered ceaselessly, backed by a mass of floating bunting at the yardarms. Convoy, escort, cruisers, were informed of the impending danger, warned against it. Round two had ended! Then *Delaware* stepped into the ring. Suddenly, with that same ungodly siren shriek she wheeled 180° to starboard. Her five-inch battery announced that she had found no phantom foe; but firing would not stop the two pale greenish streaks diverging through the water toward her bows. They cleared her, but the narrow margin left a sour taste in all their mouths for days. She sped on down before the wind away from us, great volumes of dense black piling up above her by forced draught. The admiral altered course to northward, and soon the flying *Delaware*, with her two faithful destroyers, swung back full speed to join her jolted squadron. On arrival at our base, Admiral Rodman dispatched a letter to Captain Scales of the *Delaware*:

“The Division Commander wishes to express his high appreciation of the vigilance exercised and the prompt and skilled manner in which the *Delaware* was handled on February 8th off the Norwegian coast, owing to which you avoided two torpedoes fired at the ship at short range by an

enemy submarine. It was an excellent example of preparedness and efficiency, and is most heartily commended."

As the details were assembled on our homeward way, by signal, it became apparent that a deliberate trap had been laid for the squadron by enemy submarines. Clearly the failure of this well planned attack showed us that the torpedo is not a weapon to be greatly feared by vessels of our type travelling at high speed. Some indication of that confidence and scorn which the British had acquired could be noticed in our ship as we left the danger of attack astern.

On to our base we plied our way, circling and scouting for two more days. Lack of sleep told on all hands, particularly the gun crews whose long schedule of watches had permitted but brief snatches of sleep. On the night watches those tough lads stumbled and mumbled in their weariness, but stuck, always stuck. The remorseful bits of tell-tale wreckage, spars, and strange floating objects of which the war-time North Sea was so full proved the sole diversion for the gunners. They tried their best to make them into submarines, pleaded to open fire. Always their object disappeared astern. As we entered Scapa Flow on the morning of February tenth, a collier, hovering like an evil spirit at the anchorage of each ship, gave us scarce time to catch our breath before we plunged into filth and soot. The admiral

shoved off at once for the *Queen Elizabeth* to report his operation successfully accomplished, and perhaps it was the realization of our first actual service that kept those dog-tired sailors shovelling, hauling, plugging. For it was Sunday.

Twice again we shielded convoys, on trips far different than the first. On these, as nearly every other time we ventured out, we were beset by North Sea gales, and drenched throughout the voyages. A few days' diary of one trip will reveal the nature of both.

Friday, March 8th—Scapa Flow.

Bleak and blowy morning. After continued sanding our decks begin to look as they did before we docked. Second Battle Squadron stood in after convoy duty. Our turn next—the awful grind to Norway and return. Flashing bunting on the acting flagship *Revenge* put us on short notice for steam, with orders. We steal out at midnight. All afternoon securing for sea, checking, reporting, dogging down. Battle stations sounded before twelve—a drag to reach the deck from a sound sleep.

Saturday, March 9th, at sea.

Wind increased to gale. Squadron seems destined to worst weather of the North Sea. Turned us topsy-turvy. Compensation is comparative immunity from submarine attack. Convoy not

picked up. Wind increased all forenoon; blowing 90 at noon. Slowed down 16-14-12-10-8-6-4 knots to save our smothering destroyers. Green seas foaming over us. *Florida* steering-gear jammed, forced delay. Our port signal bridge carried in. Increased creaking and groaning of the ship as strain begins to tell heavily.

Sunday, March 10th, at sea.

Gale held up to 60 with a bad outlook. Everything drenched. Scud, driving across a brilliant moon, gave fantastic effects on the gleaming sea, glorious in her fury. The convoy, bucking the northeaster, had to slow way down. Seaworthiness of destroyers exhibited on 180° turn. Buried completely. Thought one gone as a sea broke over her in a gaping valley, but she was up like a cork. Set the table at dinner for the first time, ate ravenously. Fired on submarine with depth charges at six thirty.

Monday, March 11th, at sea.

Up at midnight with a 24-hour span of duty ahead. Had slept as dead in spite of pitching. Came under the coast of Norway in the morning and as the gale abated ran into a dense fog bank. Through a mistaken signal we barely avoided crashing into a destroyer, then into *Florida*. Cut her towing-spar. Cruised northward on the Norwegian coast all afternoon, delivered the 40-vessel

convoy to Bergen and started home with the return fleet for England.

The second great duty which fell to the lot of the squadrons of the Grand Fleet was their part in accomplishing that greatest of all defensive naval operations, the North Sea mine barrage. It is wonderful to think of, while in its actual accomplishment is too stupendous for the mind to grasp. It was an American idea, urged, developed, and executed mainly by Americans. To trap the enemy near his den, to hem him in—that was its purpose. But its magnitude! To plant a field of mines across the North Sea, from Scotland to Norway, a distance of 230 miles, was the plan. Few thought it possible, for the water ranges 300 to 900 feet in depth. We had no mines nor mine-layers to speak of, small experienced personnel, and frightful weather to contend with, aside from contact with the enemy and the usual hazards of mine-laying. The order came to "go ahead" and the venture started. It involved the use of 60,000 tons of shipping for five months, the establishment of two great naval bases, and the manufacture of thousands and thousands of mines. There was no time to waste. Eight merchant ships were converted, which, with the *San Francisco* and the *Baltimore*, manned by crews which had been especially and intensively trained in mine-laying, under command of Captain R. R. Belknap, were sent to lay the North Sea mine barrage.

The mine field virtually would contain six chains of submarine mines, stretched from coast to coast. With an output of 1,000 mines a day, and five days allowed for mine-laying operations, the aggregate capacity of the squadron should be 5,000 mines, to meet the basic output. Actually, the capacity of the squadron was 5,700. Finally the moment to commence the task of laying mines arrived. Could they do it? The Grand Fleet said "We hope so," although as soon as the barrier should bring results, there would be German opposition.

Shielding mine-layers was not new work to the Grand Fleet. We had protected British squadrons at their work. This promised greater things, for we were to use the American squadron as bait to draw the High Seas Fleet, as well as for mine-laying. One shielding squadron was detailed to each mine-laying trip, and early in June our first turn fell due. Writes Captain Belknap, commander of the mine force: "On the second excursion, in June, our own battleships, under Rear Admiral Rodman in the *New York*, were the support, making a proud sight for us as the great squadron filed out and swept off toward an intercepting station." It was a proud sight for us, as well, to see the Stars and Stripes on that great mining squadron. With the change of season we encountered less bad weather on these mining trips, but correspondingly more submarines. We were towing kite balloons at all times when at sea,

however, which always gave us warning in time to dodge, and our destroyers basis for attack. Gradually the great nets hemmed the "tin fish" in. Thirteen excursions by the American Mining Squadron and eleven by the British, laid some 70,000 mines, four-fifths of which were ours. The work began to bring results, although the losses probably never will be fully known. The Germans admit the loss of twenty-three submarines in that barrage, while more are claimed. The British Admiralty believe the submarine campaign was broken up by the barrage, which was in fact a large contributor to the great end.

The brilliant operations against Zeebrugge and Ostend by the forces in Dover, marked April as a month of new hope and expectation. On the morning of the 24th, after standing by at one hour notice for steam on the 22d and 23d, not knowing what to expect, we suddenly put to sea. It was a vast fleet that left the Firth of Forth that day, for it comprised our entire forces large and small. Mist and heavy weather greeted us outside, as we headed straight across the sea. Our orders were to intercept any attempt that might be made by German cruisers, or the High Seas Fleet, to rush to the assistance of Zeebrugge. Eighty-five miles north of the attack we took our post, and guessed the danger almost to perfection. The German cruisers ventured out and our advance screen made a twenty-mile contact with their own.



To Lieut. F. T. Hunter, U. S. Navy
from his friend

Nov. 21, 1918.

Hugh Rodman
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, U.S.N., K.C.B.
Commander of the American Battle Squadron, Grand Fleet
(Autographed for the Author shortly after Surrender of the German Fleet)



On the *New York's* Quarterdeck
The Commander-in-Chief twice shows his winning smile

Full speed ahead! The day held promise. A huge Zeppelin of their scouting force was sighted from *Repulse*, and then it turned and fled. Too much had it seen, for the Germans at once opened out for Kiel, with all the speed they had. We followed to their mine fields, but the raid had ended, and our work was done. We turned our heads for home and, stretching in single column, the Grand Fleet measured seventy-three miles long! Not until the messages, announcing the success of this most daring naval feat of all time, began to flash by wireless to us as we steamed for home, did any but the high commands know what our exploit had accomplished. We presumed it had been just another false alarm. But when the news of how the gallant Dover force had actually "twisted the dragon's tail," in such audacious manner was read off in our mess room, the cheers that went up shook our very frames. A doubt continues to exist in some quarters as to the value of the operations against Zeebrugge. Did the gain justify the sacrifice of life? I am quoting Captain Carpenter who commanded the *Vindictive* at Zeebrugge when I say that for three months, dating from that raid in April, not a single submarine passed through the channel at Zeebrugge, which is the only practical outlet from the greatest German submarine base at Bruges. The value of such achievement is inestimable.

The greatest sport, the finest drill, and yet the hardest work we had came while at sea on opera-

tions known as "Pee Zeds." At least once each month, without warning and suddenly enough to put us all on edge, we fought an "action" somewhere in the North Sea. The forces basing at Scapa, and the forces basing at Rosyth would put to sea by prearrangement, simultaneously. An area, designated as "P. Z." was selected as a general place of action, and toward this the two sections made their way. Usually the battleship force came from the north, the battle cruisers and the 5th Battle Squadron from the south. One force were the "Reds," the other the "Blues." Neither knew the other's tactics or deployment, when they would make contact, or how they would attack. Each simply knew the other force was "out." Down to the last detail of gunfire and casualty drill were those engagements carried out, sometimes lasting for two days. Smoke screens, airplanes, submarines, destroyers and even sub-calibre shells were used, and each attack had to be met or yielded to. Deployment, natural advantages, time of firing and efficiency at the guns were all considered in a lengthy analysis, and by the actual performances one side or other were declared the victors. Sometimes it meant continuous watches, day and night, for these were real battle conditions. Though the expense of these excursions actually involved millions of dollars, it proved a good investment for the Allied cause. The Grand Fleet wore their stage fright off, and came

to know the North Sea 'fore and aft,' up and down, in every sort of weather.

Of all the jobs that took us out to sea, we disliked most that call that lasted to the very end, the "false alarm." During the first few months we welcomed them, for each call seemed to be the real one—thrilled us as we sailed to meet the Hun at last! Wild rumours always flew about, from "the entire High Seas Fleet is waiting just outside in Pentland Firth" to "It's just a little destroyer scrap in the bight." Always, after our screen had scoured the sea and after we had stood for endless hours on watch, that hope-destroying signal would flash back from Beatty's flagship—"Return to Base!" One of these "false alarm" exploits is particularly amusing and brought about a most remarkable result. We had just arrived at Scapa on the morning of October 13th, as a squadron, having left the rest of the Grand Fleet at Rosyth. We were to spend the week at target practice in the Pentland Firth. At ten o'clock that evening rumours of the hair-raising type began to filter down, and when at midnight we were put on instant steaming notice, things looked promising. I turned in with one eye open. The next I knew our general alarm banged out. On deck in twenty seconds, to find it two A. M. and the squadron doing fourteen knots for the Atlantic! Three German battle cruisers were reported by the submarine patrols to have passed out on a raiding expe-

dition to cut off a huge convoy which we knew was bound for Archangel. And the gods of Chance had placed our squadron here in the north alone to meet them, cut them off and take full glory if we succeeded in the operation. At four o'clock we put on twenty knots and stood for the channel between the Shetlands and the Orkneys, directly in the cruisers' supposed path. At day-break all guns were loaded, manned for action. All hands were on their toes—afraid to hope too daringly. Four submarine warnings came in from the patrols shortly after daybreak, which made us doubly watchful. We reached the Channel at ten and cruised and waited hopefully until well past noon, tense, quiet, straining every sense. Then, like a bubble, the whole exploit burst. At two o'clock a wireless flashed from the main body of the fleet: "Abandon search; return to base." As the tension snapped and let us down to where we felt our weariness, those submarine patrols of ours received the choicest lot of appellations I have ever heard applied to thing or being! But there was yet one more surprise in store.

We steamed down through the Orkney Islands, to enter Pentland Firth from the northeast. Few ships ever used that channel, for it led to no objective. In column we passed the rugged headlands, were about to turn into the firth, when bump, *bump*, BUMP! The great ship trembled at the shock of impact, and the navigator jumped to

reach his chart. Twenty-five fathoms clear, without a rock or bar! The helmsman at once reported a change in the ship's behaviour, but the captain had already felt it as he paced the bridge. "Admiral," he said, "there's something wrong with our starboard propeller. We've hit something, out there, though God knows what." Five minutes later we veered out of column, slowed down and limped to port. Divers were over as soon as the anchor, and to their amazement found one blade of the starboard screw completely sheered, another deeply gouged, and a long, indented streak carved on our underbody. The admiral hauled down his flag, moved, with his staff, to the *Wyoming*. The *New York* was listed "Out of action."

Three days afterward we were in the dry dock at Rosyth, nursing our wound. The board of investigation of the British Admiralty had met, gathered up the evidence, and submitted a report in which it was stated that, on consideration of the evidence furnished by its trawlers, and that presented by the marks and damage on the *New York's* hull; of the opinions rendered by reliable witnesses; of the location and time of the incident; of the depth of water and absence of any object on the surface; the board had concluded that the *New York* had rammed, unawares, an enemy observation submarine that had been stationed in the Channel north of the routes employed by Grand

Fleet ships, but within sight of all their movements. Further, it was concluded that the force of impact must have sunk whatever we collided with, and so the *New York* was officially accredited with a German submarine. And Admiral Rodman thus reported to the Navy Department at Washington.

That sortie in the North was destined to be the squadron's last operation, except the Great One. At that time the end of hostilities seemed nowhere in sight to us; we looked at least a year ahead. Yet hardly more than a month had passed when we sailed forth to the tragic end of Germany's sinister dream of Sea Power. There, before our very eyes, after four long years of waiting, the cowardly dogs gave up without a show of manliness, without an intimation that a drop of red blood flowed in their veins! Who else would have done it? Those marvellous ships, those thousands of men! Has any nation, however small, ever committed so colossal an act of cowardice? No!

CHAPTER VIII

THE AMERICAN GOB AT WAR

AN INSIGHT INTO THE LIFE, WORK, AND CHARACTER-
ISTICS OF THE AMERICAN BLUEJACKET

*With everything that in him is—
By day or night it's just the same—
He'll stand behind you to the last,
If you will only play the game.*

*Funny name and funny ideas,
Has your salty friend the Gob,
But he'll die for you a-smiling
If you're "white" and on the job.*

LIEUT. COMDR. E. E. WILSON,
U. S. N.

WHAT about the gobs? What is a gob? They do him wrong who pass the American bluejacket over as the derelict combed from the beaches, the refugees from society who have sought to hide from the civilization they have known. Association with the lads who man our ships of war soon dispels this all too often drawn conclusion. True, the average gob is a rough customer. He parted with his social position the moment he boarded his ship. But aboard ship he has reëntered society, a new society in a new world. More so than ever before has this fact been em-

phasized in the Great War, when men who had joined the United States Naval Reserve force to serve on the sea flocked to the naval life. From the forty-eight states they came, and from all our colonies, out of every walk of life. To their amazement they ran against a hard stone wall. The new life, the life of the sea, has none of the refinements of the land. It is shockingly point-blank. It permits no luxuries, few comforts. There is a struggle for survival that lasts through twenty-four hours each day. The resultant manhood is manhood without veneer, hard inside and out, fearing nothing, hoping everything, and ready to work, work, work.

So accustomed does the bluejacket become to his strange life, that when ashore he seldom speaks of it. On land we hear of the great moments of the sailor's life—the shores of foreign lands, the greatness of his ship, the storm, the girls of his ports, his amusements; in short, the crests of his waves. Scarcely at all do we know his real life, for he deems it not unusual. But the rookie feels it, and knows he's up against it. To give a vivid flash of the life of a gob at sea in the war, I can do no better than to quote the expression of one who has undergone the strange metamorphosis from land-lubber to seaman: "The gob faces no easy undertaking. He is not called upon immediately to sacrifice his life and be a hero. He is called upon instead to man a squilgee—of which he never heard before—and

scrub decks; to part with the skin of his feet in the lye-water with which the operation is occasionally performed. He coals ship until his unaccustomed back aches with the weight of heavy baskets and his lungs smart with dust. He is clumsy. He is 'bawled out' and his feelings are injured. At night he falls out of his hammock, to the inexpressible delight of more experienced aviators peering from their suspended canvas Zeppelins. Seldom can he even laugh with the crowd, for what is there funny in the fact that he should spend hours seeking the individual with the key to the anchor watch, or run afoul of the officer of the deck and appeal to him for assistance?"

Thus the American bluejacket went to the business of war, in a world of his own with his own ways, and very generally by his own choosing. What he did there, and the way in which he did it will be eulogized through the ages. "It had been brought home to every individual," writes Captain Belknap of the North Sea mine force, "that his work could be done by only one man in the world." We may very aptly apply this explanation of their achievement to the entire forces of the United States navy serving in European waters. For upon the unquenchable optimism and the real work of the American gob, the success of our navy in the World War was founded and built. They had the stuff, those gobs; they used it. Elsewhere the achievements of the battleship men are pointed

out, but before reverting to sidelights on the character and customs of our gobs it is interesting to catch a glimpse of him in our submarine patrol fleet. Two letters written by a member of the crew of the patrol yacht *Corsair*, furnish characteristic glimpses of what the men of these craft encountered:

December, 21, 1917.

I have just been closer to the Great Adventure than I ever care to come again without seeing dear old New York once more. We got caught in a gale that prevented our return to port and had to fly before it for three days, finally reaching Vigo, Spain, at a time when the engineer said we could only remain afloat three hours longer. We remained there but eight hours, long enough to make temporary repairs, and then had to fly again to prevent our being interned till *après la guerre*.

For three days and nights I neither slept nor ate. All of us were in the same fix, lashing and securing, working the pumps and praying that we would come through it all safely.

I lived ten hours at a pace that counted for ten years, the most tense moment of my life being when, while the seas were breaking over us and we were crawling about the deck holding fast to everything that seemed fixed, looking for a hatch cover that had become unfastened, we suddenly discovered that six mines had become unloosed and were lurching about, butting the bulwarks with every roll of the ship. These mines are controlled by the paying out of wire, and when a certain amount becomes uncoiled they automatically explode. As no man knew just how much wire had become unmeshed, we all had to work fast heaving them overboard. They went "pop, pop, pop," as quickly as champagne corks

at a French ball, and how we ever escaped blowing off our own stern is still regarded as a marvel by us all.

Another letter relates to encounters with German submarines. The first had been attacking a sailing vessel when the patrol hurried to the scene of action, ten miles distant. As they approached, the submarine submerged, and he writes:

We were soon amid the rushing of the turbulent water that is caused by a huge sub directly on submerging. We let go one of our mines from the stern quarter, set to explode at eighty feet. We were soon rewarded by seeing the colour of the water change in the immediate vicinity of the explosion, and while attending to the picking up of the fishermen it was noted that among the bubbles then appearing on the surface, a brownish shine predominated. Only delaying long enough to make sure we had finished for "La Boche," we picked up the crew without further mishap, the entire incident occupying but forty minutes from the time of hearing the first report until the consummation of the rescue.

The Fates were exceedingly kind to us on this day, for at eleven o'clock that night, while the subject of the recent attack was still under discussion, the lookout on the bridge discovered another monster lying on the surface, for all the world like some huge whale taking the air. This submarine was about 500 yards dead ahead, and while quickly jamming the helm over, the Officer of the Deck ordered the starboard battery to take a shot. The shot may not have taken effect, as the sub was then in the act of submerging; but as we steamed directly over her wake and let go four mines of different sizes in as many seconds we were soon assured that we had done for another.

The navy, true enough, is a world with strange customs and a language all its own. Its operations are entirely on a man plan. There is no place in the navy for woman, for the navy and all its wisdom belongs to man. From the men, for the most part, come just four demands—three square meals a day and a square deal. These they must have, and do have. Food, on board ship, and more particularly in the war zone, is a vital problem. Though of necessity it is very plain, the bluejacket's food must be good, and in plenty.

The galley is on the upper deck of all the newer ships, departing from the ideas of the old days, when sanitation formed no important part in a ship's plan. Now we find the cooking up in the air and sunshine, immaculately clean and with the latest cooking equipment and facilities for the preparation of food. Ship's cooks and assistants are numerous. The cafeteria system of service is very generally used now, in spite of protests by the men at waiting in line. Variation of food of course is dependent upon exigencies. While at times navy beans and stew are routine, there is never any monotony when the refrigerator ship is able to come alongside. We have had it ably expressed by Disraeli that "public health is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of the country." To this principle the navy closely adheres, applying it to food. A ship

is no place to have sickness. Not that the hospital facilities are not of the highest standard, but there is a certain lack of sympathy for a sick man aboard ship, that I have seen in no other community. Since the close association makes contagion very dangerous, every precaution is taken to avoid epidemic.

The bluejacket's day aboard the *New York* while at war was so often broken by trips to sea and occasions aboard ship that a condition of monotony was seldom reached. The general ship's routine, showing with what a sailor has to cope, was arranged as follows, to be carried out whenever possible:

General daily Routine of Ship while in port at Scapa Flow
December, '17 to — '18
(Except Sat., Sun., & holidays)

A M

6:00 Reveille, All hands (Sun. & holidays, 6:30).

6:30 Turn to; Out smoking lamp; Execute Morning orders.

7:30 Breakfast, Get into Uniform of the day during meal hour.

8:15 Turn to. Gun & deck bright work. Working party details.

8:30 Sick call.

9:00 Colours. Inspection of decks.

Quarters for muster and inspection. Physical drill.

9:30 Loading, sightsetting and (if possible) pointing drills.

10:15 General quarters (Battle-stations drill).

10:45 Continue division drills.

11:30 Retreat from drill, Mast; sweep down.

12:00 Dinner. Smoking lamp.

P M

1:00 Turn to. Out Smoking lamp—Pipe sweepers.

1:15 Quarters for muster & inspection.

1:30 Afternoon instruction & ship's work.

4:15 Knock off all work. Sweep down.

5:30 Supper.

6:00 Torpedo defense quarters (Mon. Tues. & Thurs.).

7:30 Hammocks (rig).

8:00 Reports of departments to Executive Officer.

9:00 Tattoo. Pipe down. Set 1st anchor watch.

9:05 Taps.

In his strange setting, the sea world, the blue-jacket presents a many-sided character study, amusing as he is interesting. Unquestionably, despite their toils and hardships, their inner nature reveals them boys, mere boys. Look at their "ditty box"—that private treasure box which is allowed to be in the possession of each sailor! It contains his few necessities, but in the main it is a box of precious junk, for all the world like the overgrown pocket of the small boy. The treasures of his ditty box are the joy of every man. Fully to grasp the gob's point of view, and really to understand him, no better opportunity has ever been offered than that which came to the officers who censored their mail through the weary months of service in the war. There is no limit, in texture or pattern, to the tangled webs which the problems of their lives and the wanderings of their imaginations have created. Volumes could be filled by the revelations of my own censoring—a mere drop in

the bucket. For when fifteen hundred men from nearly as many communities, and in every walk of life, unfold the problems of their lives in their own way, a new stratum is touched upon which many an author of fiction could build a career. The maze of the web defies description, even of the impressions it creates. Hope, despair, love, hate, jealousy, fear, humour, pathos, joy, ambition, contentment, resignation, are all presented in style impossible to represent. But to show the extremes to which these letters reach, and the sort of encounters that kept the censor's job from being a deadly bore, I cannot refrain from reprinting one letter, just as it came to the censor, which I think puts the letters of "Dere Mable and Dere Bill" on challenged ground:

U. S. S. *New York*, August 14, 1918.

MR. P. S.

Alton, Illinois.

Dear Dad will slide over a few lines and trie to let you know that I am still floppin an have been able to make a good shoin at the table I guess you know where i am at, the address is always the same. (Somewhere on the torpedo pond) Say Dad its a peach of an address for visitors if you had the same kind you never would be troubled with you rich relation droppin in on you oh yes we have visitors once in a while but we always have to stand at attention so we cant see em and they always trot past like a deer in the walk. But you know how my sentiments run for them head inflated square heads so they don't bother me any. When we were in a certain port over here there were four porpoises doin squads right in perfect formation I had been in the notion of askin

permission to go swimmin but when I seen those four big fish come up out of the harbor side by each I concluded id., take my swim in a bucket this was the fourth of July & I want to say that for once I missed the little old red fire crackers but not many miles away they were celebrating the fourth in the good old fashioned way. We often go out and dare German dogs out of their holes but they crawl every time they see us comin. I have almost learned to be a sailor I can smoke a cigarette untill you cant see my head for a cloud of smoke & am goin to wring the salt out of my socks over the stern tonight so by the time the end of the frolic comes i'll be a salty dog. It is a hard proposition to write sometimes for between a general riot of mud slingin and often in the midst it is punctured by the mellow notes of a trombone or the wild screechin of a cello & the agonized scream of an e flat clarinett and then if i should happen to make a mistake in all the racket and write something about the ship or like that the censor would rub it out and i sit around a great eal and when i run i blow like a leaky bellowe in a village blacksmith shop. a fellers letters look like some one had up set a bottle of ink on em but we must grin and bear it just like payin the coal bill. Say dad that reminds me to tell you not to worry about the coal for i have a little wad saved up to send you for that so you lay in plenty of Spud Murphys for the kids and tack some old sheet iron on the seat of their trousers and bottom of their shoes and we'll pull out of this war a little thinner but wiser tell the kids not to be stuck up about wearin old clothes for i go to church in a low neck suit of plain blues people over here send their kids to church in clothes that people wouldnt go to work in over home and they are just as proud as you people in America but it is just like it always has been with us a necessity. Say has the western raised the wages yet i suppose not for they cant afford it fortunately we have laws governin excess profits but they are not enforced i have just been readin in the Sat.,



“Above and Below”

The Grand Fleet's latest airplane carrier *Argus*, and one of her twenty-four knot steam cruising submarines



King George Inspects the American Flagship

In the lower picture the author (at extreme left) is facing the King and Admiral Rodman. Admiral Beatty and Admiral Sims bring up the rear

evenin post about some of the excess profit grabbers and of the excellent sand bank legislation to head them off and a fine lot of criticism. I believe that the baggin of one profit grabber does the general public more good than anything else unless it would be the hangin of a few pro germans. I learned to obey like a skinned coyote huntin for a hole its almost like bein a kid you ask permission to do a thing catch h—l for it out of one chief if you get by with it its alright if you dont its your own hard luck. If we get in a fight we fight it out and then make up they always fight when they get ready and they are ready any time. I have been pretty lucky so far by not carryin any beauty marks on my mush We all get up at first call for we have a silver toned officer who comes around cryin in a thin voice to get up and take the gold fish for a walk etc., I have just been readin a new copy of the censor rules and come d—— near tearin up my letter for fear i had wrote somethin we got it on the slackers we get all the leadin brands of tobacco and they don't I dont see how they can sleep tryin to dodge the draft and payin high prices for beer. I bet I have found out why all the boys are in a hurry to get across they sell beer to men in uniform that is a certain amount. Sea gulls are as tame as sparrows over here and a whole lot hungrier. I roost so high at night i feel like a little bird or one of those 4 oclock alarm clocks with feathers on it. Hey do you ever go down to talk with Mrs. Furgeson or does Maw ever let you out of the house. Yes we have inspection have had them ever since i left home talk about maw raggin a fellow, these old boys in the navy they can see a fly speck a hundred yards. Yes they used to admire my pretty hair in civilian life but they aint got no eye for beauty in the Navy they cut it off until it looks like a singed cat in a snow storm we keep everything clean also the brass is shined up until it would make a lookin glass turn sick with envy and the paint work is scrubbed cleaner than Lillian Russels' face so you see theres no danger for gettin in-

fected from unsanitary conditions when we coal ship we have a time everybody plays nigger and one time we was located over the chow house the pleasant fumes from a combination of eats made me study between to things (wearing my gass mask, or singin back home again) I suppose weeds have grown to a respectable size in my garden. Tell Ed Elinpetre to still play that little dity (dont try to steal the sweetheart of a sailor) and if he catches any one shinin his elbows on my girls piano to go down and serenade him with a bunch of Irish confetti. There aint any mosquitoes, over here I have been wonderin if them Scotchmen wear kilts in the trenches if i wore em id want an air tight heater under my dress for it sure gets down to zairo over here. I lost a pair of socks and a hat but i havent told the admiral about it I dont suppose hed care any way so i just let it drop. I have got so used to sleepin in a hammock that i believe I could sleep in a oriole's nest. Say if you can have mama get Ediths address in Chicago i wish you would send it to me. I would like to hear from her if you get it tell her to write me and send me her address at the same time that she writes and you send her mine so she wont make any mistake I have got so used to seein square head officials of our own country that i believe I'll spite em an be a socialist for the rest of my life. I have just read of how British Labor have stuck to the problem of we must win and if Americas Labor stick like Britains you never will have any trouble winnin Im goin to make Geraldine a little present so she wont think i have jilted her but she has plenty of chance to get revenge so i must be very diplomatic and keep a spark or two fanned within her. The weather is fine only when it rains and it rains nearly all the time. I have been laying off to write to Admiral Sutton but havent so far I guess he has learned his lesson since he had his memorable houseparty. I have written to Walter & i either wrote Elmbro or did and lost his letter for i cant find his letter here. Now Dad the first time you get time just

drop me a line explainin your position and rite often and long letters for they are few and far apart. Well so long Dad.

From your son

R. A. S.

U. S. S. *New York* (Band)

Postmaster New York City.

We need hardly cast about at all to pick up institutions and customs of the gob's very own, which reveal his character, distinctly boyish when not at his work. One of these is his unique and unfailing observance of Christmas day. As early as September of each year the men on the battle-ships begin to save their loose change and create funds for Christmas. Not to be used on themselves, but for gifts and entertainment for some group of poor children whom they select, according to their port, transport to the ship for the day, and give them a Christmas such as few amongst the tiny guests have ever known. Christmas of 1917 found the *New York* in the Firth of Forth. With more than a hundred children from the Grass-market district of Edinburgh, memories of the fourth Christmas of the great war will linger for many a day to come. The men of the *New York* had selected to be their guests that day a hundred of the most needy little waifs of Edinburgh whose fathers had lost their lives in the war. Arrangements were made through a local charity, and the day before Christmas saw representatives of the ship's company in Edinburgh, delegated to

make final arrangements. The children all received new dresses or new suits on Christmas Eve, and were transported to the pier by motor bus on the following morning. The little tots went wild with delight at the sailors, and most of their joy was reciprocated. They could scarcely believe they were actually to go on board of "one of those big ships."

The entire crew, headed by the commander, welcomed the wide-eyed youngsters on deck and at once led them below to where the tables were laid for Christmas dinner. Picture the delight of these poor war-rationed children at a meal of turkey, asparagus, potatoes, pie, cakes, ice cream and sweets! After dining to their hearts' content they all filed out, loaded with gifts of toys, books, apples, nuts, chocolate and a scarf, to where a "movie" had been rigged. It was a joyous audience that watched the antics of Charlie Chaplin on the screen, children and sailors alike. The end of the day doubtless left many expecting to waken at any moment from some pleasant dream. But the most significant feature of this, as of all the gob's Christmas days, is the joy they share with the children, in anticipation and realization of the Christmas spirit.

The bluejacket ashore has always been a problem to the navy, and when ashore on foreign soil, in time of war, the problem assumed enormous proportions. Never had they been seen in such num-

bers, nor after such lengthy periods of confinement on their ships. By them, as by our soldiers, the American nation would for generations be judged. No effort was spared, therefore, to have the blue-jacket conduct himself becomingly. The results from start to finish were remarkable. Of course there were wild, uncontrollable individuals, always in proportion to the numbers ashore. The men as a rule drank, but not to excess. The general impression they have left in the towns of our bases abroad is that our jackies, while free spenders and often a noisy lot, are decent fellows and easily controlled. Perhaps the greatest single factor which contributed to this admirable result was a remarkably brilliant and forceful appeal contained in a letter addressed by Admiral Wilson to the American naval forces in France, which he commanded. The excellence of his letter was at once recognized by Admiral Sims, who broadcasted it to all our naval forces in Europe and kept it constantly before them. A man must be low indeed, who, with this appeal fresh in his memory, would bring disgrace to himself or to his country:

We are guests in the house of another people. Our home will be judged by our conduct in theirs. We still live under the rules, laws, and spirit of the place from which we come.

Every great nation in history has stood for some one definite idea; Greece for beauty, Rome for law, Israel for religion. America, in the eyes of the world, stands preëminently for freedom and the ideal of manhood. We must

not shake that opinion but do all that we can to strengthen it.

We have come to this side of the world to record, by the indelible imprint of arms, our protest against that which is brutal, wicked, and unjust, to give expression to that measure of indignation stirred in the heart of America by the deeds of terror which the enemy has written across the face of France.

Our nation stands for everything that is contrary to the spirit of arrogant power and tyranny—Let us prove this by our lives here!

The only history of America that many of the people of Europe will ever read is that which is recorded by our lives.

Live here the proud manly existence that is justly expected.

Be courteous, temperate, and self-controlled.

We fight against the Hun's ill-treatment of women; let no man be tempted to do, by insinuation, what we charge our enemies with doing by force. Let the women of France remember the men of America as those who would shield them against all harm even that which might spring from their defenders.

You would fight the man who insulted your uniform; do not insult it yourself. Let it not be carried into places of disrepute or into any discrediting act. We are here for a great, high, and solemn purpose, then we will return to our homes clean and proud and victorious.

Mr. Ralph Paine gives out what seems to be a record for good conduct of men on liberty when he states, as a result of his investigation:

"These thousands of fine boys of ours who are afloat in the war zone are not accustomed to exile, and it seems a long, long road to New York or

Chicago or Kansas City. Shore liberty meant something when they were among their own kind, and there was always the blithe anticipation of a few days' leave and permission to journey home. Sending them back from the war-zone is difficult to arrange and they must make the best of it.

"These are some of the reasons why the country can feel pride and confidence in the behaviour of the navy on foreign service. The record has been extraordinarily good. There was a certain division of American ships which sent ashore six thousand men for a day's liberty. When they returned aboard there were three arrests for drunkenness and three for overstaying leave."

What really kept the "nothing-to-do-but-get-pickled" idea in the background of the gob's thoughts was sports. Of course the restrictions which England and Scotland had placed upon the liquor traffic for the duration of war helped enormously, for often a man could not get liquor if he wanted it. But to have another object, something else to do, was a big factor in the successful conduct of the gobs.

To the men of the Sixth Battle Squadron belongs the distinction, I think, of introducing baseball into Scotland. Each ship had its team, and most of the divisions of each ship had their teams. Interest in baseball continued at a high pitch from early spring to late summer. Wherever the squadron based, baseball diamonds were soon laid out, and

the men were ashore at every chance to keep them populated. The huge naval recreation field at Rosyth furnished the best opportunity for the game. Exhibition matches were arranged and played whenever possible, to the great interest of the people who had heard of baseball for years but never seen it. To an American who knows baseball (and who does not?) nothing could be much more amusing than this write-up of an exhibition game which was played on Decoration Day, 1918, at Inverleith:

“The game was watched with keen interest and no little appreciation by the spectators; who, however, probably derived as much enjoyment and amusement from the enthusiasm shown by the American onlookers as from the actual play, which, broadly speaking, is much after the old Scottish game of rounders. There was a continual babel of shouting and yelling all through the operations, especially when the strikers got in good hits, or when the ball was smartly returned to one of the base men and there was an out obtained. Much of this noise is directed against the pitcher, and is known in America as ‘rooting’—in this country it is called barracking—or, as one of the most prominent shouters put it, ‘making him chew it.’ The throwing of the pitcher was for the most part very accurate and very fast, and the man behind the striker, the catcher, took the ball very smartly and cleanly. Runs were hard to get, the

strikers missing oftener than striking, and scoring was low. Several of the players were run out, thanks to good fielding, accurate throwing in, and sure fielding by the base men. There are nine men to a side: a striker, a catcher, three base men and the other four fieldsmen in the country."

Another great day for baseball in the navy came when the King and Queen witnessed the game which was played at Chelsea on the 4th of July, 1918. The ball game at Chelsea was not merely an ordinary sporting fixture; it was much more. For the first time a British sovereign expressed, by his attendance, a recognition of what had always been called an act of rebellion—the Declaration of Independence. Their Majesties watched the game with Admiral Sims, exhibiting much interest in the sport and the players as well. It was a Navy *vs.* Army contest and drew a record crowd.

Football replaced baseball in the fall, but of course could not be played by the numbers who enjoyed baseball. There were ships' teams which drew a tremendous following and which were backed by every single bluejacket. The popularity of boxing in the fleet is so well established that it scarcely needs mention. Elimination contests were held regularly at intervals leading up to the Grand Fleet Championships in August. This was a tremendous affair, attended by thousands, from the Commander-in-Chief down. The American en-

tries upheld their reputation in all weights where they had qualified, taking away more than their share of the final honours. Track athletics continued throughout the year, culminating in the Fleet Championship meet in September. Teams were representative of squadrons on that occasion. The First Battle Squadron (British) won the Grand Fleet Championship, with the Sixth Battle Squadron (American) second. The point score was very close and the issue in doubt to the very end. Admiral Madden of the First Battle Squadron was as pleased as his men over the victory. The usual competition and interest in rowing had to be given up while our ships were abroad, because our battle trim did not permit of carrying raceboats. This was considerably disappointing to the gobs who had to watch the British at the sport, feeling sure that they could have turned out crews to beat them. They based their confidence on the boasts of some of our "chiefs" who had been on the champion *Delaware* at the Coronation in 1911, where she captured seventeen firsts in twenty-one starts, from which the British have scarcely yet recovered.

With such expansion as took place in the navy during wartime, promotion of a man who showed aptitude and ability was very rapid. Practically all petty officers were advanced, and a man in the ranks who stood out at all above the rest was soon made a petty officer. Knowing his possible re-

ward, there is enough ambition in the average American bluejacket to keep him everlastingly playing the game—playing it so hard that an officer, if not right up on his toes, will find himself lagging. The feeling was prevalent among the lucky ones whose service was actually in contact with the enemy, that theirs was a very decided privilege.

We find, too, that there are ambitions to which the gobs aspire. It is the business of a boatswain's mate to "pipe" over the side all officers of the navy and army who come aboard, as part of the regular side-honours rendered, according to the rank of the visitor. Therefore, there are aboard the *New York* three chief boatswain's mates, who boast of having "piped" a king aboard; two who have princes; and nearly every rated boatswain's mate lays claim to at least one admiral. But to Chief Boatswain's Mate Schirm was accorded an honour and distinction far above the rest, and one of which his children's children will continue their proud boast. When King George of England visited and inspected the American flagship for the first time he spent fully an hour about the decks. Before His Majesty left he wished, with his characteristic democracy, to see the man with the longest service aboard. Admiral Rodman at once transmitted the King's request to the Commander, who without hesitation picked Chief Boatswain's Mate Schirm from his post at the head of the "boys"

who were drawn up for His Majesty's side-honours. Schirm has a record of twenty-six years' service in the American navy. With him the King engaged in conversation before taking his departure, and during the time cameras and motion picture machines were focussed on the incident in such numbers that within a week Schirm's fame had spread countrywide. Incidentally "Shorty" Schirm is known through the service as one of the navy's best seaman, and well upheld his reputation on this cruise.

An officer, even in the highest command, is always learning something from his men, who are so totally different from each other that the ship seems scarcely large enough to hold them. In handling the courts martial he runs across the scum of the ship, along with others only slightly needing discipline. When on deck in the morning watch he finds those who are just ahead of all the rest, starting the day ahead. Below decks, on his night inspections, he finds those who are ever struggling to escape official eye, straggling, usually, from their hammocks in quest of deviltry. In a hundred ways an officer comes to know these men; and, knowing them, arrives at last at one conclusion. Admiral Sir Lewis Bayle, Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces on the coasts of Ireland, addressing the American destroyer fleet in May, 1918, the anniversary of the arrival of the first United States men-of-war at Queenstown, ex-

pressed what I believe to be the feeling of us all, in our small way, when he concluded:

“To command you is an honour, to work with you is a pleasure, to know you is to know the best traits of the Anglo-Saxon race.”

CHAPTER IX

THE TEETH OF BEATTY'S BULLDOGS

POWER AND PERFECTION OF GUNNERY AT SEA. FIRE
CONTROL AND ORGANIZATION OF THE GRAND FLEET AT
THE CONCLUSION OF THE WORLD CRISIS

*A flash, a roar, the turrets whip,
The mighty guns recoil:
The quivering ship sags drunkenly,
The nearby waters boil.
The guns spring back "to battery,"
The brown smoke rolls o'erhead,
And dancing heat waves shimmer,
Where the singing shells have sped.*

—E. E. WILSON.

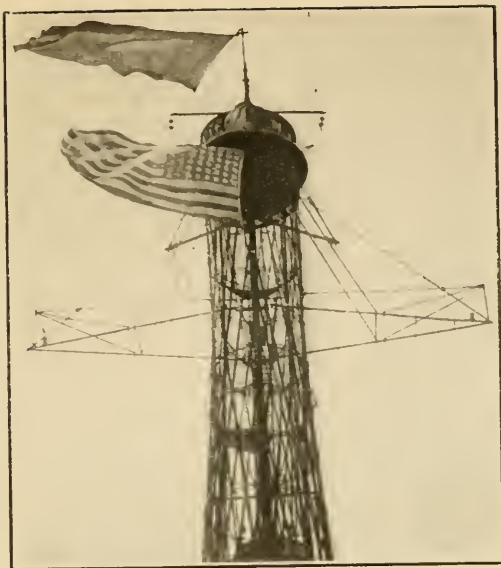
SUPPOSE it were perfectly certain that the lives of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon our winning or losing a game. Would we not study it, practise it, analyze and construct it with all the energy we possessed until we had reached what we believed to be unchallenged perfection? Such, exactly, was the case in the Grand Fleet. The game upon which depended the life of each officer and man in that great fleet, as well as the safety of the nations which lay behind it, was gunnery. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been spent for its development. Hundreds of thousands of men had worked

for its perfection. Further, before that fleet had been conceived, the ships of countless other fleets had been commissioned, careered, and retired for the sake of gunnery. Thousands of men and officers had lived and died for gunnery, focussing their life's work on one great moment (a moment which, deep down, they hoped their God would never permit to come) in order that their game, in that stupendous trial should succeed; and their names, when coupled with their victory, mount to heights undreamed of. And so the Grand Fleet toiled and strove for gunnery, with right and justice for the motive of its deadly game.

What is a big gun? Simple enough, apparently, this massive piece of cold, hard steel. But consider it in operation! Think of a man-made mechanism which will hurl three-quarters of a ton of loaded steel spinning point first through fifteen miles of space each thirty seconds! Which is so adjusted that at a range of twelve miles its flying missile may be directed accurately into a forty-foot target, striking with sufficient force to cut through sixteen inches of Krupp steel and then explode violently, destroying any near-by life with poisonous gases! The great steel shells of these huge guns could be driven through fifty inches of wrought iron as they leave the muzzle. The velocity at this point is such that, were the speed maintained for four and a half days it would travel a distance equal to the span from earth to moon.

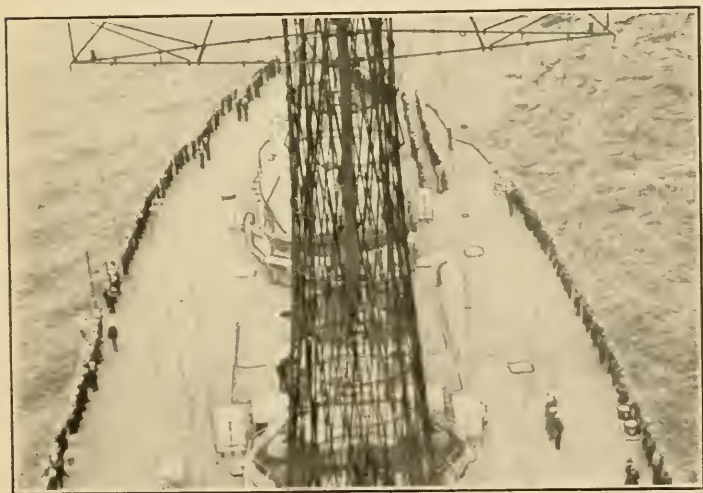
The muzzle energy created by the discharge of a single 14-inch gun is 70,000 tons, a force greater than the combined energy of a million Springfield rifles—the arms of a million men. To visualize further, sufficient force is created in a single ten-gun broadside salvo from a ship, to lift the one-time queen of our navy, *Old Ironsides*, 350 feet in the air!

Creation of force on this titanic scale cannot be accomplished without a tremendous reaction and disturbance at its source. So violent is the shock of discharge indeed, that it presents some very serious problems in the construction as well as the handling of ships built to withstand modern gunfire. The impressions of the first target practice I experienced may serve to bring out some surprising features which had never before occurred to me. Stationed at a range-finder, on the top of a forward turret, there was a beautiful opportunity to observe fully the effects of the firing. It was salvo firing. By closing a switch at a given instant of time when all guns bear on the target, an officer in the foretop, manning a directorscope, is responsible for the actual discharge of the ten roaring monsters. By stop-watch I knew exactly when that first salvo was to be fired; had heard the shells and powder rumble into the guns; had heard the breech click followed by the word “ready,” and watched the great muzzles rise into the air before me as they sought the proper



An Unprecedented Courtesy

The Royal Standard of England floating from the mainmast of the *New York* on the occasion of King George's visit



Manning the Rail

In honour of the King of England. This picture was taken from the fire control station on the foremast, looking aft



The Quartermaster's Watch

On the deck of an American battleship in Scapa Flow

elevation. Five seconds remained. There is an eternity of deathly silence as you stand there, braced, with every muscle tense and your ears blocked with wads of cotton. Then suddenly, with a shock that staggers even your thought, the world seems to burst. The ship seems to have blown up, and you are dazed. But you jump, all at once, as the rumbling of the next load rouses your senses. The hand has moved five seconds on your watch dial. Your hat is gone, trousers blown up nearly to the knees, and you feel the effect of a bolt of air which was forced into your lungs without being inhaled!

There is just time to grasp the range-finder, refocus it, and observe, far off on the hazy horizon, great geysers of spray mount hundreds of feet in the air, blanketing the target from view. It is the splash of your salvo, twelve miles away! Again the "ready" comes from down below, the monsters lift their mouths in space, and you "stand by," this time more reassured. The shock again blots out your reason for an instant, but with each succeeding blast your confidence increases and you begin to observe the strange phenomena resulting from these violent explosions. A sheet of blinding flame darts out a hundred yards from the ship's side, at once replaced by a great white cloud of gas which rises as it drifts astern. Overhead there rises, billowlike, a dense black cloud of soot loosed from the funnels, tubes, and fire boxes with each

shock. The cinders tumble back on deck and join the bits of unburned powder scattered there. Thirty thousand tons of ship beneath you shake from stem to stern with such sharp violence that a ripple of tiny waves goes off on every side. The very walls of the turret on which you stand, thirteen inches of solid armour steel, vibrate like pasteboard as the great breech jumps back in a mighty recoil from the expanding gases. There is a majesty of power in that shock of discharge and rush of air that can only be felt on the spot. You leave the range with a dull headache to be sure, but your spirits are high, for you have felt the greatest kinetic force of man's own making.

Perhaps your station is inside one of the turrets, actually in touch with one of the monster guns. I had certain misgivings when first assigned to such a post, for the idea seemed to be to get as far away as possible during the firing. Yet being in a turret is like being inside of a great safe, and the shock of the explosion is removed by walls of steel. Once inside, with an iron trap door cutting off the only exit, one soon begins to feel at home with the gun's crew. It seemed an age, on the first occasion, before we had "Coming on the range" through the voice tube; then within about thirty seconds came "Stand by" and "Commence firing!" In a riot of noise and rush of air through the bore of the gun to clear it, the shell, three-quarters of a ton of it, comes rattling up the chain hoist and on

to the tray. Whirrr, bang! The electric rammer shoves it home! Four ninety-six pound bags of powder, urged by much swearing as a fraction of a second here and there is lost, follow the shell by the same route. Scarcely is the tray removed when the great breech plug swings, rotates, snaps, and is locked. "Ready!" shouts the gun captain. The gun pointer, if ready too, flashes a light to the plotting room. Five seconds pass—an eternity of breathless silence as you crouch there, every muscle set. The blow comes like a mighty sledge. You land about where you were, just as the great breech jumps back in a mighty recoil from the expanding gases. It seems about to crush you when a counter recoil, beautifully timed, snaps the huge mass back "to battery," and with a rush of air the breech plug swings to start another load. There is no time to relax. The entire rush of loading lasts but eighteen seconds. Then, like well-trained dogs, each member of the crew again drops flat in his tracks to await the second blast. Ten times we fired on this occasion, and by the tenth shot all were quite accustomed to the shock and ready to continue. One time a trayman was a bit too slow in jumping clear. A moment later he was carried out unconscious, replaced almost before he hit the deck. The incident was scarcely noticed. A loading crew works like a machine unless badly rattled, then nothing but rough handling brings them around. It takes a lot to rattle a good gun

crew, but sometimes a lot happens when men are trying to control a blast that would destroy a city block.

Another day I had my firing station in the "main top." The "tops" are those circular eyries projected on top of the basket masts, roofed and walled with steel, from which, in the last analysis, the fire of the monster guns is actually controlled. At long ranges, the tops are the only eyes of the ship. From them the guns are directed and fired, salvos spotted, and ranges corrected. They are considered the most important and by many the most desirable of all battle stations. In the bright sunshine of a crisp October afternoon, with only a ripple stirring the ocean floor, no reviewing point could have been more perfect than mine, a hundred and sixty-five feet above the water and directly over the guns. It was salvo firing, full calibre. There is a tremendous exultation in being up there, in actual view of the entire broadside, knowing the power of the guns, and waiting for the moment which has been your object for weeks. "You hear the order 'Fire!'" writes a British midshipman from Jutland, "the foretop gets up and hits you in the face, and an enormous yellow cloud of cordite smoke—the charge weighs 2,000 pounds—rises up and blows away just as the gentleman with the stop-watch says 'Time!'; and then you see the splashes go up, perhaps between you and the enemy, behind the enemy perhaps, or, if you are

lucky, a great flash breaks out on the enemy; and when the smoke has rolled away you have just time to see that she is well and truly blazing before the next salvo goes off."

The terrific shock whips the great basket masts like reeds. The full force of the ten guns can be felt up there with an expansion of gases and resultant air pressure quite inconceivable until experienced. That the human mind has compounded a substance with such expansive qualities is a wonder of the age. The succession of violent shocks sometimes breaks up the reason of the men, and it is only because they have been acting, living, breathing gunnery for weeks that they are able to continue, like machines. The firing over, all the crew to the lowest fireroom feel as though some great contest has been won. They live high spiritedly for days. Such is the effect of the power of these weapons with which they play the game. Yet, without organization, coördination, and perfect unity of command the great guns would be useless. Commander Yates Sterling makes an analogy between naval organization and nature's organization quite uniquely. "Surviving types," he writes, "as a rule contain a happy balance of those offensive attributes, activity, endurance, and intelligence, translated into claws and teeth, limb and muscles and an hereditary instinct to combine in packs for the attack upon a more powerful foe. Nature is a faultless organizer, yet even she arrives

at perfection only through a selection of organs essential to an environment."

Realizing the importance of organization in gunfire, the commanders in the Grand Fleet strove for its perfection. The result may be divided into three main classes: the organization within the ship, the organization within the squadron, and the organization of the fleet.

Within each ship the most modern and complete system of fire control had been installed, founded in our own ships upon the initiative and genius of Admiral Sims. The ship to-day replaces the gun as a fighting unit, for guns are no longer discharged singly, but simultaneously on a broadside. To do this a triple communication system is established throughout the ship, visual, 'phone, and voice-tube, each leading over a different course wherever possible, thus to avoid destruction by a single shell. Hitting, or straddling, rests not only with the gun, but is dependent upon the coöperation of a network of departments, each an indispensable unit to the whole. From the conning tower, walled in by thirteen inches of armour plate, the captain runs his ship, placing her according to his squadron deployment. The navigator and gunnery officer are with him there, on open 'phones to all departments. Target, method of fire, and time of opening fire issue from these officers, and their orders are taken up at once by the range-finders on the turret tops. They lose no time in sending

ranges and bearings of the designated target to the heart of the firing system, four decks below the water line, peopled with silent brains, and complex instruments—the plotting room. Thence after computation with speed, courses, wind, change of range and target bearing, issues a range and a zero time to the turrets and fighting tops. Fire control centre in the conning tower gives the order “Train!” and “Load!” to the turret booths and lower handling rooms. Gun crews load, point and lay their guns, signalling back to plotting room by flashing lights and voice tubes. When Control gives “Stand by!” every pointer whose pair of guns is on the proper reading of his dials closes a switch. The firing circuit is complete with one exception. Up in the foretop, a directorscope or small telescope, manned by an officer and set exactly with all the guns, has a switch open. That switch is on the firing circuit. With his eye on the target in his field, the officer waits until his object meets his crosswires. Holding it there, he closes the switch, and on the next roll (Plot has measured the range angle to allow for this) two points make contact as the director swings exactly “on.” A spark of fire burns into a small percussion cap in the breech of every gun, shoots a stream of fire to the powder bags within, and eight tons of roaring steel launch skyward. At that instant, in each of the tops, a “spotter” presses his watch. He knows the time of flight for his given range and

coolly awaits the pleasure of the drifting smoke. Five seconds before his time he drops to his glasses. White geysers mount on the horizon. He studies them an instant, murmurs something to Control. It may be "Down one thousand!"; "Up five hundred!"; or better still "No change, straddle!" Pencils fly and instruments are buzzing down in plotting room. Ten seconds later now, and corrected ranges pass over three routes to all guns. The second load has been completed. The second "ready lights" appear in plotting room. Nothing but enemy steel can halt the vise-like death grip closing on the target now, relentlessly, remorselessly.

Within the squadron things are far more comprehensible, though not so simple in their execution. The fire of four or six great ships must be directed and employed to best advantage. An admiral commands each squadron from his flagship's bridge. His are the signal forces, his the communications. Having placed his squadron in deployment as directed by the Commander-in-Chief, who is drawing up his fleet for action, the admiral turns attention to his ships' positions relative to coöperative firing. In 1918 the Grand Fleet so outnumbered the High Seas Fleet in ships, that the Grand Fleet practised what is known as concentration fire. Ships were divided into firing groups of pairs, each two concentrating an alternated fire upon one designated enemy ship. By a

system of visible and wireless telephonic communication between the tops of the ships which were concentrating, the result of each salvo would be immediately transmitted to the other. Thus could the correct straddling range be reached in half the time required by a single ship, with half the expenditure of ammunition. If each ship fired only once a minute, the enemy would be receiving alternating salvos every thirty seconds. His chances of replying to such a rain of steel were small. So the admiral must preserve, besides deployment of his squadron, deployment within his squadron, for his firing unit actually became a pair of ships and not a single one. His problems rested not alone with timing and communication, but with the ability of his ship captains to execute their orders and maintain positions in formation.

Let us look at the organization of the Grand Fleet. Summing up Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fisk's discussion we reach some interesting conclusions. Compared with the force commanded by Admiral Jellicoe in the North Sea, the forces commanded by Alexander, or Caesar, or Napoleon, or Nelson were puny, and even those of Togo were unimportant. Compared with this force, the aggregate land forces of both the Allies and the Teutons were inconsiderable. The total offensive power of one salvo from one of Jellicoe's battle-ships was greater than that of millions of muskets. The aggregate artillery power of the

twenty-four modern battleships that Admiral Jellicoe had in his main column at the battle of Jutland was greater than that of 10,000,000 infantry soldiers—and he moved these battleships at a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour! Such was the charge of Jellicoe; and the fleet opposed to him, upon which Germany had expended a billion and a half dollars was, next to his own, the most powerful in the world. His superiority of power was not great. He must depend, for the safety of Britain, upon the organization behind his guns. But we must not deviate to Jutland. The greatness of Jellicoe's forces in 1916 fades by comparison with the stupendous armada of Beatty's command in 1918. Roughly, it was half again as great in power and ships as Jellicoe's command at Jutland. Not only does that exhibit of man's force stand out as the greatest which has ever been assembled, but bids fair to stand as such through all time. For, while sea power will always remain a factor of vast importance in international relations, the tendency of nations now is toward a saner devotion of the wisdom of mankind than to destruction.

Some idea of the hugeness and scope of the organization of the Grand Fleet in 1918, while the American Battle Squadron formed a part of it, may be had from the table given below, which, I believe, is the first public presentation of Beatty's divisions of ships, with their respective armaments:

THE TEETH OF BEATTY'S BULLDOGS 155

FLEET FLAGSHIP—"QUEEN ELIZABETH"

Commander-in-Chief—Admiral Beatty. Attached dispatch vessel—*Oak*

FIRST BATTLE SQUADRON

Admiral Madden

<i>First Division</i>		<i>Second Division</i>	
1. <i>Revenge</i>	} Eight-15" guns Twelve-6" guns speed 21 kts.	6. <i>Emperor of India</i>	} Ten-13.5" guns Twelve-6" guns speed 22 kts.
2. <i>Resolution</i>		7. <i>Benbow</i>	
3. <i>Royal Sovereign</i>		8. <i>Marlborough</i>	
4. <i>Royal Oak</i>		9. <i>Iron Duke</i>	
5. <i>Ramillies</i> (spare)		10. <i>Canada</i> (spare)	

Attached cruiser—*Blonde*, 27 kts.

SECOND BATTLE SQUADRON

Vice Admiral De Robeck

<i>Third Division</i>		<i>Fourth Division</i>	
11. <i>Orion</i>	} Ten-13.5" guns Sixteen-4" guns speed 22 kts.	15. <i>King George V</i>	} Ten-13.5" guns Sixteen-4" guns speed 22 kts.
12. <i>Monarch</i>		16. <i>Ajax</i>	
13. <i>Conqueror</i>		17. <i>Centurion</i>	
14. <i>Thunderer</i>		18. <i>Erin</i>	
		19. <i>Agincourt</i> (spare)	

Attached cruiser—*Bellona*, 27 kts.

FOURTH BATTLE SQUADRON

Admiral Sturdee

<i>Fifth Division</i>		<i>Sixth Division</i>	
20. <i>Colossus</i>	} Ten-12" guns Sixteen-4" guns speed 21 kts.	24. <i>Hercules</i>	} Ten-12" guns Sixteen-4" guns speed 21 kts.
21. <i>Superb</i>		25. <i>Collingwood</i>	
22. <i>Bellerophon</i>		26. <i>Neptune</i>	
23. <i>Temeraire</i>		27. <i>St. Vincent</i>	

Attached cruisers—*Boadicea*, 27 kts.
King Orry (special)

FIFTH BATTLE SQUADRON

Vice Admiral Evan-Thomas

28. <i>Barham</i>	} Eight-15' guns Twelve-6" guns speed 21 kts.	
29. <i>Malaya</i>		
30. <i>Valiant</i>		
31. <i>Warspite</i>		
(Flag) <i>Queen Elizabeth</i>		

Attached cruiser—

SIXTH BATTLE SQUADRON

Rear Admiral Rodman

32. <i>New York</i>	} Ten-14" guns Twelve-12" guns Ten-12" guns Ten 12" guns	} Eighteen-5" guns	} speed 21 kts. " " " " " "
33. <i>Texas</i>			
34. <i>Wyoming</i>			
35. <i>Florida</i>			
36. <i>Delaware</i>			

Attached cruiser—*Blanche*

156 BEATTY, JELlicOE, SIMS, AND RODMAN

THIRD BATTLE SQUADRON

Older ships used for bombarding not based with Grand Fleet.

<i>First Division</i>		<i>Second Division</i>	
1. <i>Dreadnaught</i>	} Ten-12" guns 24-1 pdrs. Four-12" guns " -9.2" guns 24-12 pdrs. speed 18 kts.	1. <i>Zealandia</i>	} Four 12" guns " -9.2" guns 24-12 pdrs. speed 18 kts.
2. <i>Commonwealth</i>		2. <i>Africa</i>	
3. <i>Dominion</i>		3. <i>Hibernia</i>	
4. <i>Hindustan</i>		4. <i>Britannia</i>	

BATTLE CRUISERS

Vice Admiral Packinham

<i>First Division</i>	
1. <i>Lion</i>	} Eight-13.5" guns Sixteen-4" guns Eight-13.5" guns, speed 28. Eight-15" (A) guns, 33 kts. Eight-15" (A) guns, 33 kts.
2. <i>Princess Royal</i>	
3. <i>Tiger</i>	
4. <i>Repulse</i>	
5. <i>Renown</i>	

CRUISERS

Vice Admiral Napier

<i>First Cruiser Squadron</i>		<i>Second Cruiser Squadron</i>	
1. <i>Courageous</i>	} Four-15" (A) guns speed 36 kts.	1. <i>Minotaur</i>	
2. <i>Glorious</i>		2. <i>Shannon</i>	
3. <i>Furious</i> *		3. <i>Cochrane</i>	
		4. <i>Achilles</i>	

*Airplane Carrier.

LIGHT CRUISERS

Light Cruisers are armed with both 10-6" and 4" guns and torpedo tubes. Speeds 30 kts., or above

<i>First Light Cruiser Squadron</i>		<i>Second Light Cruiser Squadron</i>	
1.	<i>Caledon</i> (Flag)	1.	<i>Birmingham</i> (Flag)
2.	<i>Royalist</i>	2.	<i>Southampton</i>
3.	<i>Galatea</i>	3.	<i>Dublin</i>
4.	<i>Phaeton</i>	4.	<i>Sydney</i>
5.	<i>Inconstant</i>	5.	<i>Melbourne</i>
<i>Third Light Cruiser Squadron</i>		<i>Fourth Light Cruiser Squadron</i>	
1.	<i>Chatham</i> (Flag)	1.	<i>Calliope</i> (Flag)
2.	<i>Birkenhead</i>	2.	<i>Cordelia</i>
3.	<i>Chester</i>	3.	<i>Cambrian</i>
4.	<i>Yarmouth</i>	4.	<i>Constance</i>
5.	<i>Weymouth</i> (Mediterranean)	5.	<i>Comus</i>
		6.	<i>Caroline</i>
<i>Fifth Light Cruiser Squadron</i>		<i>Sixth Light Cruiser Squadron</i>	
1.	<i>Curacao</i>	1.	<i>Cardiff</i> (Flag)
2.	<i>Curlew</i>	2.	<i>Cassandra</i>
3.	<i>Concord</i>	3.	<i>Ceres</i>
4.	<i>Cleopatra</i>	4.	<i>Calypso</i>
5.	<i>Coventry</i>	5.	<i>Caradoc</i>
6.	<i>Centaur</i>		
7.	<i>Canterbury</i>		
8.	<i>Conquest</i>		

LIGHT CRUISERS—(Continued)

Seventh Light Cruiser Squadron

1. *Carysfort*
2. *Aurora*
3. *Penelope*
4. *Undaunted*

Tenth Light Cruiser Squadron

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. <i>Alsatian</i> | { Base at Liverpool
Operate outside
of Ireland.
Armed with 6" &
9.2" guns. |
| 2. <i>Teutonic</i> | |
| 3. <i>Owieto</i> | |
| 4. <i>Amsterdam</i> | |
| 5. <i>Duke of Cornwall</i> | |

Seaplane Carriers

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. <i>Campania</i> 2. <i>Pegasus</i> 3. <i>Nararara</i> 4. <i>Vendoz</i> 5. <i>Argus</i> 6. <i>Canning, Balloon Ship</i> | } speed 21 kts. |
|---|-----------------|

Mine Layers

1. *Paris*
2. *Princess Margaret*
3. *Wahine*
4. *Angora*
5. *London*

Submarine Parent Ships

1. *Active*
2. *Fearless*
3. *Champion*

Repair Ships

1. *Constance*
2. *Cyclops*

Destroyer Flotilla

1. *Castor*
2. *Commodore*

Destroyer Repair Ships

1. *Greenwich*
2. *Blake*
3. *Woolwich*
4. *Sandust*

Station Ships

1. *Royal Arthur*
2. *Impérieuse*
3. *Victorious*
4. *Bonaventura*

NOTE: No attempt has been made to classify the myriad of destroyers and the submarine, which make up the Grand Fleet Escort.

The smoothness with which this organization worked, the exquisite manner in which the squadrons manœuvred and deployed, the precision of their drills, their endurance and the efficiency of the crews, speak decidedly to the effect that the operation of and coördination in the fleet kept pace with its expansion to meet the demands of the war. The Grand Fleet had two great tasks to perform, and it performed them not alone with credit and honour, but with profit to all the world. It was the Grand Fleet's task, first, to sweep the German Flag from the seven seas; and, second, to blockade the German Empire. How well the job

was done needs neither question nor comment. The relentless pressure of superior sea power, without even a great and decisive naval battle, gave to the Allies the freedom of the seas, permitted the organization and transportation of their armies, and resulted at last in the accomplishment of that end which, by our histories, was shown to be inevitable. Organization and coöperation made the Grand Fleet a great fighting force but the squadrons of that fleet were composed of unit ships, in which man had placed, as Ruskin put it long ago, "As much of his human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, thorough-wrought handiwork, defiance of brute elements, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm acceptance of the judgment of God as could well be put into a space five hundred feet long by eighty broad."

CHAPTER X

“COMRADES OF THE MIST”

THE BRITISH BATTLE CRUISERS. THE SPIRIT OF H. M. S.
“RENOWN.” ARMISTICE NIGHT IN THE GRAND FLEET.

*Down through the years that are to come
When we've gone our several ways,
To the farthest corners of the earth,
That bask in the sun's warm rays,
We'll dream of the days when we were part
Of Britain's strong mailed fist—
When we kept the sea and nations free,
With our Comrades of the Mist.*

THE great steel spans of the Forth Bridge broke dimly through the cold December mist which lingered over the firth. For several minutes nothing else was visible, for the pall of gray had settled low enough to blot from the rising sun the power of Britain's Southern Fleet. Gradually the belching chimneys at the Rosyth dockyard pierced the veil, as our ships proceeded slowly up the firth, and then gray shapes began to loom before us. A visitor to the Grand Fleet is struck by many wonders. He may be most deeply impressed by the intricate mechanism of a modern submarine, or it may be by the dashing speed of a new destroyer. Perhaps the airplane carriers and

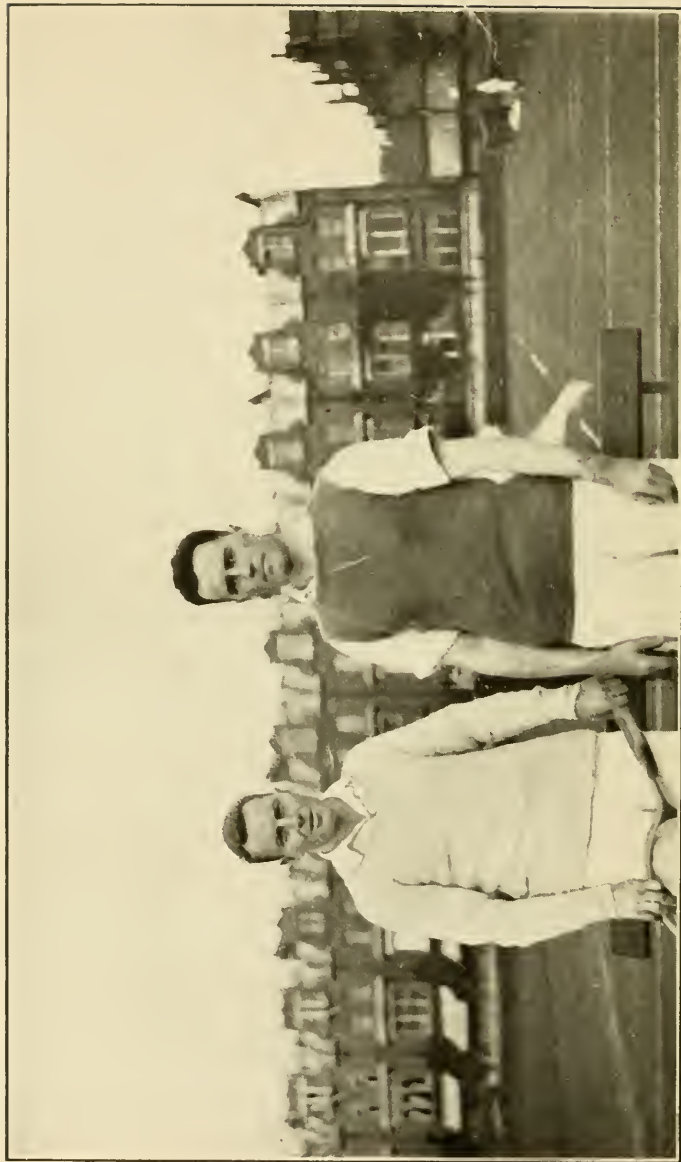
kite balloons attract him, or he may contend the nicety of the torpedo is unexcelled. Some feel the power of the dreadnaught's battery is the main feature, or possibly the wireless control. Others think that without her great screen of light cruisers, the fingers of attack, the Grand Fleet would be crippled. But, after weighing all departments of the Grand Fleet's power and giving each its due, to me one group appeals above the rest, those ships whose sleek hulls loomed through the misty Firth of Forth on that December morning when, for the first time, the American Battle Squadron gazed astoundedly at the British battle cruisers.

For months we lay at moor beside these monarchs of the fleet below the great Forth Bridge and always on my mind will be their graceful power as they rode there to the tide, ready for the frequent dashes to sea. They were the *Lion*, famous as Beatty's flagship in the Jutland fight, shell-scarred and dull from service; the three-stacked *Tiger* (which the Germans claim to have sunk long since), showing her beautifully proportioned lines; the *Princess Royal*, sister of the ill-fated *Queen Mary* which was sunk at Jutland; and the two canoe-like marvels of the naval world, the *Glorious* and *Courageous*, stretching their great knife lengths in column, every line bespeaking their tremendous speed. But just across the channel from the *New York* lay the greatest of them all, those two



Admiral Beatty of the Flagship *Lion*

As he appeared when in command of the battle cruisers at Jutland, 1916



Lieutenant Clifton B. Herd, U.S.N., and the Author (left)

In tennis clothes, ready for the Allied Interservice Doubles tournament at Queen's Club, London, in August, 1918. The American pair defeated all opponents

war-products of naval genius called the “hush” ships, *Repulse* and *Renown*. Between these mighty sisters there is little choice, albeit certain ships within a fleet are wont to pal together. For a ship is not known by her power or size or speed or compliment within a fleet, nor even by her individual officers or men. She is characterized as “happy” or “unhappy,” “good” or “bad,” according to the spirit which prevails within her hull; upon the congeniality of her officers, and the manner in which they get response from their crew. These factors determine the ship’s success. And so, because they proved exceptionally “happy” the *New York*’s closest comrades abroad were the *Repulse* and the *Renown*.

Picture the majesty of those two monsters lying there beside us, the very flower of Britain’s power! Built in secret during the war, they were the largest and newest warships of the British navy. For seven hundred and thirty-seven feet each keenly drawn-out hull extended in the firth, displacing thirty-five thousand tons. Their tested speed is above thirty knots an hour, backed by a main armament of six fifteen-inch guns. They are called “Fifteen (A)” guns, which means they are nearer seventeen than fifteen inches across the bore. Mounted in triple groups along the centre line are fifteen four-inch guns. High in the superstructure, with an arc of train on either side, this bristling armament bodes ill for an enemy sub-

marine or destroyer. Four rapid-firing anti-aircraft guns and eight submerged torpedo tubes complete the battery. Poised on a turret platform, fore and aft, two scouting airplanes rest, ready to jump to their errands on instant notice. Searchlights dot the heavy superstructure, occupying almost every bridgewing, capable of blotting out the chance of enemy escape. For the striking feature of these monsters is that they are built to hunt and not to be hunted. Two of the three huge gun-turrets are mounted forward on the long graceful sheer of the three-hundred-foot forecastle deck which gives a wonderful ease of entrance in a sea, and seems to combine their power with their grace. "There," says the critic, "you have the last word in the construction of fighting ships. They may be offensive or defensive at will."

In the wardrooms of these ships the *New York's* officers found their closest comrades. They seemed to be selected for their "pep," these battle-cruiser people, that they might better cope with their arduous duties. Whenever we would go aboard we found a welcome and a "cheero" that kept us on our toes to reciprocate. True, indeed are the lines which run:

They say it when they take a drink—
Cheer-O!
They say it in their sleep, I think—
Cheer-O!

They'll say it when they meet the Hun,
 They'll fire it with the opening gun,
 They'll sing it when the battle's won—
 Cheer-O!

We took the battle-cruiser officers aboard and showed them all we had. They did the same, exactly. One day I went with the *Renown* to her battle manœuvres in the outer firth. For the first time I saw the graceful airplanes hop daintily from a turret-top. Then a torpedo attack was executed by British submarines at 2,500 yards, which we successfully though narrowly avoided by observation from the kite balloon. The ease with which that huge ship could be swung, in response to the directions to the bridge from the balloon, eliminates all doubt that clumsiness may result from such great size. Subcalibre firing at short range concluded the day's drills, during which exercise I visited every fire-control department from the lower shell rooms of the turrets and the plotting room, to the conning tower and the spotting tops. Their huge hydraulic system and tremendous guns made our electrically controlled fourteen-inch battery seem like a plaything. For, having proven that hydraulic mechanism can be relied upon in action, the British have not touched the field of electricity as have Americans. That feature of our ships proved most absorbing to our British visitors.

Adjacent to the wardroom in the *Renown* was placed a lounging saloon. Huge easy chairs, deep

couches, and an open coal grate, always burning, made this a favourite spot for making friends and swapping tales. Even a billiard table had been added to the fixtures of this cabin, which, with its spacious headroom and huge ports seemed more like part of an ocean liner than a battle cruiser. Here, to the ever-ready clink of glasses, I heard the commander tell the story of his rescue in the Jutland fight, when he had been picked up, one of three survivors from the fifteen hundred who had manned the ill-fated *Invincible* when she blew up. Here a major of marines related the details of the landing on Zeebrugge mole, for, with two gun crews wiped out beneath him on the *Vindictive*, he had jumped on to the mole with a group of men in time to silence a machine gun. The story of the decoy of a German submarine by a British submarine while a second British sub stole up and sank the German from astern was vividly related, as well as the story of the patrol diver who had tapped a message in Morse code on a resting sub's hull at the bottom, bringing her quickly to the top, surrendering. These and a score of such tales always could easily be drawn out, unless they happened to reflect credit on the speaker. Then one met with reticence for,

Ask a British naval officer to talk about himself.
 And you'll get a change of subject—that is all,
 Ask a British naval officer to talk about his mate
 And he'll back you up against the nearest wall.

One evening a lieutenant of Admiral Sims's staff, a great friend of mine, came to us on duty from London. Since he had not really seen a Grand Fleet ship, I took him to dine in the *Renown*. He could not have picked a better occasion, for this was the night of the squadron regatta and the boats of the *Renown* had crossed the line in the van. Somehow the story of that evening's adventure reached a London "weekly," and was thus amusingly described to evade the rules of censorship. The parentheses are mine:

A tale of the sea is not as a rule supposed to display a taste exactly for faultless fact, but the one I propose to tell you is really true, and will show you how, and why, it is that Britannia still rules the waves—and incidentally what priceless lads the young sea-lions of the senior service are when they are properly in their stride. It was aboard H. M. S. *Dernier Cri* (the *Renown*), sister ship of H. M. S. *Last Word* (the *Repulse*), two *bateaux* of the Grand Fleet of which I retain the happiest memories, that this thrilling episode occurred. *Figurez-vous* the night of the day of the victory in an aquatic contest in the small boats of H. M. S. *Dernier Cri* (*Renown*) and the hitherto head of the northern base, the star crew of H. M. S. *Ermy One* (the *Lion*): the celebration is in full blast after the manner, familiar to any one who has ever assisted at what is called a "rag" (roughhouse). It is done in both services, also at school dinners, and people have been known to be sent home good imitations of Highlandmen. However! In one of the spacious cabins allotted to the use of the wardroom, the First Luff (Lieutenant Glover, 1st Lieutenant), another equally important naval officer and two distinguished American visitors (Lieutenant McIntock and

I), were playing at what I will now call auction—only it didn't happen to be.

About the hour when spectres walk and all good people should be abed, up comes the smallest Snotty (midshipman) of H. M. S. *Dernier Cri* with the request that the First Luff and his guests should do the gunroom mess (Junior Officers' mess) the honour of coming down to quaff a glass to celebrate the victory in the aforementioned aquatic contest. The First Luff said he would be pleased, and would be with them in half an hour to the tick.

The thirty minutes having expired, the distinguished guests set out on their journey to the abode of those future Jellicoes and Beattys; but they had not gone far when from behind every stanchion, cowl, or other place of concealment emerged a ragged mob of semi-nude Snotties, all of whom I must say had their trousers on, but not much else—and, alas that I should have to relate it, there ensued such a tussle as has never been seen or heard of since those bad lads tried to drag a certain hairy old prophet out of his cave. The First Luff put up as good a fight as he could, but his American guests thought that it was a modern instance of Mutiny at the Nore, and were vastly alarmed till the humour of it was explained. In these celebration "rags," seniority is ignored and the midshipman wrecks revenge upon the iron hand that ordinarily rules him! This is not all. Next day an account of the engagement was sent in in the most approved official language, and at the end of it was the following: "Accidentally injured, one Naval Officer; severe wounds to leg and nose." If you want to know why it is Germany is never going to rule the seas, just think this little yarn over.

The greatest time of all took place on Armistice Night. Never has the Grand Fleet so demonstrated; never will it do so again. At exactly noon

of November twelfth we had the message which confirmed our fears. The news was met not with the joy that should have been awaiting, but with a sullen realization that the end had come without the blow of our ambition. Gradually, however, as the news flashed round the world, its tremendous meaning was absorbed. When evening came the pent-up feelings of the fleet broke loose with one accord—this was the end at last—Armistice Night! A general signal was broadcasted from Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet:

The Armistice commenced at 11:00 to-day, Monday, and the customary method in His Majesty's service of celebrating an occasion is to be carried out by ships' companies splicing the main brace at 9 P. M. to-day. Hands are to make and mend clothes.

Which means, translated, that at that hour drinks are to be on the King—go to it! Not since the Coronation had that signal been made. It was the lash to which the fleet sprang into action. For miles along the firth the whistles of ships of every sort commenced to spit and scream in a hundred keys. They spelled the words “Peace” and “Victory” and a half score others in international code. Then some one started a ship's bell, and within five minutes every bell in the fleet clanged out. Sirens followed these, in a bellowing, howling medley of tones that must have carried miles to sea. The men of the fleet swarmed to the decks,

brought pots and pans and tins, formed mighty snakes of human forms, and shouting and cheering to the blare of trumpets and bugles and trombones, they galloped and frolicked from stern to stern. An incessant din was raised and sustained. The riotous fleet knew no bounds. Darkness fell, but without effect except that the gloom was split by the rays of a thousand dancing searchlight beams. For miles the sky was light as day, for every searchlight afloat and ashore streamed upward to the heavens and was lost. Then from the bridge of every ship rockets and star shells shot upward, bursting their fire into the sky. Flares and "Very" signals covered the firth with a bright red glow, as the deafening din continued. Floating from every fighting top huge flags of the Allies fluttered in the breeze, standing out in the searchlight beams which focussed on them, banners of victory. Bands could be heard above the shouting and the cheers, striking out one national anthem after another, with a fire they never have possessed before or since. For even the voices of men had lost their sanity.

In the midst of it all I left the ship in a crowded fifty-footer. A searchlight caught and followed us to the *Valiant*, of the Fifth Battle Squadron. We were cheered to the side and welcomed in arms on her quarterdeck, while her band danced wildly as it played the Star Spangled Banner. The Americans had come to celebrate the victory with those

who were to have been their comrades in the fight. A wild hour of hilarity we spent there, then we “shoved off” in a riot of cheers, to the *Renown*. The spirit of that great ship ran wild. In gang-dances we shouted gang-songs—captains and midshipmen, commanders and ensigns all joined together as one. We drank toasts to the President, toasts to the King, toasts to our Union, and curses to the enemy. Far into the night, long after quiet had settled on the lower firth, the officers of the Grand Fleet carried on their programme. Friendship and comradeship were so strengthened that night, that those who were there will for ever stand firm for the brotherhood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Together we had toiled, together we had won the cause, together in victory we would ever stand.

Reflecting on this spirit of unity which obtained between the officers of the fleet, it seems more and more to have resulted from an awakening of understanding. The Americans had fostered a distorted conception of the British officers, just as they had of us. A French staff-officer expressed his feeling thus, when asked for his impressions: “We like the American officers very much. In fact, they have given us a most pleasant surprise. They have not displayed the least tendency to show us how to run the war. Indeed, they’re not in the least American.” That was precisely the sentiment among our comrades of the Grand Fleet. They thought we were not American because we did not conform

to their distorted ideas of Americans. And we learned the same of them, for the very persons whom we thought would be self-centred "Limys," turned out to be the very "salt of the earth." So completely did our squadron merge into their fleet that we became a part of it and ceased to be held as anything else. In our ships we served tea, had dinner late, spoke in abbreviations, signalled, drilled, and manœuvred in the British way as nearly as we could. In British ships the officers were organizing jazz bands, dancing "jazz," using our slang, drinking iced drinks, shouting our navy yells, and discussing our fire control. The Grand Fleet had become no longer that of Britain alone. It was the Grand Fleet of the English-speaking nations, bound in an enduring brotherhood, that sailed to meet the conquered Hun.

CHAPTER XI

THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET

*Their dull hulks loom against the gloom
Of the fog bank's dismal gray,
Their pace so slow we scarcely know
The ships are under way.*

*The smoke, dead black, creeps from the stack
And hangs in a listless pall;
Black standards drape like funeral crêpe
And death lies over all.*

*The silent guns of the sullen Huns
No more their voices use:
Yet mute, acclaim the burning shame
Of the High Sea Fleet's last cruise.*

—E. E. WILSON

ON THE first day of June, 1813, the American frigate *Chesapeake* sailed out of Boston Harbour under command of Captain James Lawrence. The more powerful British frigate *Shannon* under Captain Broke, lay just outside. Lawrence at once engaged Broke and the ships fell aboard shortly after opening fire. Lawrence fell, mortally wounded. As he was carried below those clarion words were on his lips that have resounded through the years—"Don't give up the ship!" Spain heard them. Her Admiral Mon-

tojo, against overwhelming odds, fought Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay until the last Spanish ship had been sunk or destroyed. Russia heard them. Admiral Makarov, commanding the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, took his ships to sea in pursuit of the Japanese Cruiser Squadron, daring a field of electro-mechanical mines which, on his return to port, effectively destroyed him. England heard them. Admiral Cradock, with three miserable cruisers, ran across Von Spee's squadron of five ships off Coronel on the coast of Chile. Despite every disadvantage Cradock signalled: "I am going to engage the enemy now." Von Spee's victory was complete, but he captured not a ship!

What German knows the dying words of Lawrence?

On the twenty-first day of November, 1918, at 10:38 A. M., there flashed by wireless from Sir David Beatty's flagship *Queen Elizabeth*, a signal:

TO ADMIRALTY, from Commander-in-chief, Grand Fleet.

The Grand Fleet met this morning at 9:20, five battle cruisers, nine battleships, seven light cruisers, and forty-nine destroyers of the High Seas Fleet which surrendered for internment and are being brought to Firth of Forth.

Four years had passed. Some hundred thousand men had waited in vain. Waited, watched, served, and striven—in vain. Day after day their incessant drills, studies, toils, had brought their finished product up to heights un hoped for in the

days of peace. Time after time the long lines of gray monsters had slipped hopefully out, had searched, had tempted, and save once, had cruised in vain.

Small wonder that four A. M. of November 21, 1918, found few asleep in all the fleet. *This* was the day! No secrecy; no doubt. The world knew. The King himself had come but yesterday to acclaim the triumph that must be ours to-day. Too vast a situation well to comprehend—the German High Seas Fleet had sailed from Kiel! And the King had come. Hundreds of strangers were aboard our ships. A flush of excitement covered every face, held back by a forbidding silence that seemed to suspend the motion of the very earth.

From early evening long lines of destroyers had preceded us to sea, hours and hours of them, out of the misty Firth of Forth, followed by envious eyes. Every official ship that could turn a screw would follow shortly. Shortly! The hours were ages long. It was not until two A. M. that the greatest day of our lives began. The day of a thousand dreams. We seemed to be living within a highly inflated bubble, about to burst. The American flagship *New York* broke moor, swung slowly with the tide, felt the trobbing of her screws, fell into line to lead the Sixth Battle Squadron to sea.

Out of the firth; out of the fog. Gray ships in

a gray dawn. Ships and ships and ships, as far as the eye could see, ahead or astern. Great monsters rising and falling on the incoming swells, by their very stateliness acclaiming victory. At four A. M. our general alarm clanged harshly against the quiet dawn producing on the great ship the same effect as a club on a quiet beehive in the summer sun. All hands to battle stations! A few moments bustling rush—then quiet again. Quite different now. Each gun is manned. Every man is at his post. The powder bins are filled and shells are up. Range finders scan the horizon, and lookouts swing their glasses in wide arcs for smoke. Three decks below the water line men sit with 'phones, tubes, boards, pencils, and strange instruments, connected with the conning tower. The plotting room. The centre of control of fire. No "Wooden Horse of Troy," for Admiral Beatty. Not the slightest chance for Hunnish trickery. The destiny of nations is at stake. He has the German guaranties—but he treats them as the German would, "Mere scraps of paper." Perhaps they seek to take the Grand Fleet unawares? They will find them firing deadly salvos thirty seconds after the first sign of treachery. The Grand Fleet steams on.

At last dawn comes, blazing red. A low haze cuts the visibility to five short miles, but the rising sun reveals a new disposition of our forces. Admiral Beatty has divided his ships into two great

lines—the northern and the southern. These two lines, proceeding on parallel courses, about two miles apart, will permit the German fleet to pass down their centre. A “Ships right and left about” will then bring both lines steaming in inverted order toward the Firth of Forth, the German line between. Either of our lines, without the other, could engage the surrendering German fleet successfully.

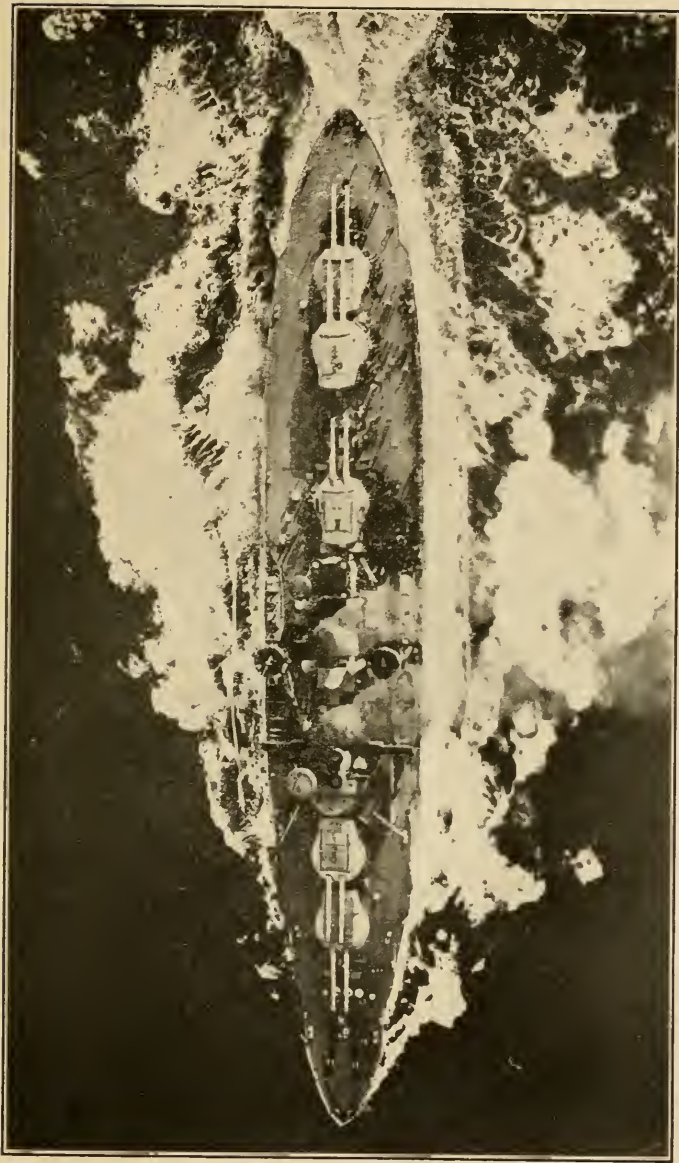
On we steam at twelve knots to point “X” in the North Sea. Eight bells strikes clearly. We know the great moment is not far distant now, and by the imposing spectacle are reassured. At last:

“Sail ho!”—from the foretop lookout. “Where away?”—from the bridge. “One point off the starboard bow,” in reply. “Can you make it out?”. “Dense smoke, sir, seems to be approaching.”

Twenty-five minutes later the tiny light cruiser *Cardiff*, towing a kite balloon, leads the great German battle cruiser *Seydlitz*, at the head of her column, between our lines. On they pass—*Derfflinger*, *Von der Tann*, *Hindenburg*, *Moltke*—as if in review. The low sun glances from their shabby sides. Their huge guns, motionless, are trained fore and aft. It is the sight of our dreams—a sight for kings! Those long, low, sleek-looking monsters which we had pictured ablaze with spouting flame and fury—steaming like peaceful merchantmen on a calm sea. Then the long line

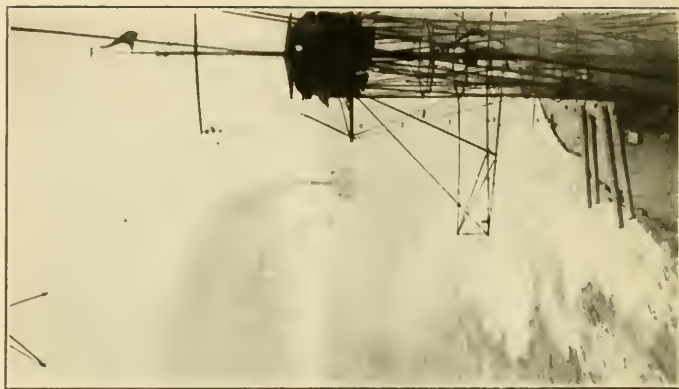
of battleships, led by *Friedrich der Grosse*, flying the flag of Admiral von Reuter who is in command of the whole force. *Koenig Albert*, *Kaiser*, *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, *Kaiserin*, *Bayern*, *Markgraf*, *Prinz Regent Luitpold*, and *Grosser Kurfürst* followed in formation—powerful to look at, dangerous in battle, pitiful in surrender. We gaze with wonder on this spectacle—the end of four years' vigil; the banishment of Germany's sinister dream of sea power. This, then, is the end for which the Kaiser has lavished his millions on his "incomparable" navy! A navy powerful enough to conquer all the navies of the world combined—bar the British. But when the British combined with all the others against him, that tolled his doom. For sea power, slow in its working, must ultimately prevail.

Strangely enough the German surrender lacked the thrill of victory. There was the gaping wonder of it, the inconceivable that was happening before our very eyes—the great German fleet steaming helplessly there at our side—conquered. Conquered, but not in the spectacular way that we would so gladly have given our lives to see. The one prevalent emotion, so far as I could ascertain, was pity. It carried even to our great Commander-in-Chief, who I believe was the least thrilled and most disappointed person present. In speaking to us after the surrender he remarked: "It was a most disappointing day. It was a piti-



The New York from a Kite Balloon

This remarkably clear photo was taken from 1000 ft. above the Flagship when she was doing twenty knots in the North Sea



Steaming in Column

The American Battle Squadron ready for action in the North Sea

ful day, to see those great ships coming in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold, without an effort on anybody's part." And no one of his audience dissented. They were as helpless as sheep. About two hours' vigil satisfied our commanders that such was the case, and we secured battle stations. Later investigation showed that all our precautions were quite unnecessary. Not only had the powder and ammunition been removed from the German ships, but their range finders, gun sights, fire control, and very breech blocks as well. They came mere skeletons of their former fighting selves in a miserable state of equipment, upkeep, and repair. For example, in passing May Island, at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, Admiral Beatty signalled one of the German squadrons to put on 17 knots and close up in formation. The reply came to him, "We cannot do better than 12 knots. Lack lubricating oil." What chance, then of a modern engagement where a speed of at least 18 knots is sustained? Apparently they were no better off for food. Hardly had they anchored when the crews turned-to with hook and line to catch what they might for dinner!

Guarded on every side, the German ships entered the firth at about three o'clock quietly to drop anchor outside the nets. We stood in past them, as they rode peacefully to the tide, and on to our berths, squadron after squadron, type after type until their German eyes must have bulged in awe

at such a vast array of power. Last of all came the *Queen Elizabeth*, flagship of the Grand Fleet, with Admiral Beatty. Passing the German flagship he made that now-famous signal: "The German flag will be hauled down at sunset to-day, Thursday, and will not be hoisted again without permission." The message was accepted and obeyed by seventy warships of the German navy. It was over. In the sunset the *Queen Elizabeth* with the victorious Beatty passed between our lines to her mooring. Three lusty cheers went up from each ship as he passed, our colours dipped, our guards presenting arms, and our bands striking up the national airs. That was the real expression of victory. Tears filled the eyes of some. Smiles on the faces of others. Victory in the hearts of all. For we knew, and the British navy knew, and all the world knew, the truth which our great Commander-in-Chief so aptly expressed a few days later in reply to a message of sympathy:

We do not want sympathy—we want recognition! Recognition of the fact that the prestige of the Grand Fleet stood so high that it was sufficient to cause the enemy to surrender without striking a blow.

CHAPTER XII

HOMeward BOUND

FAREWELL TO THE GRAND FLEET. ADMIRAL BEATTY'S ADDRESS. ESCORTING THE PRESIDENT TO FRANCE. RETURN OF THE AMERICAN OVERSEAS FLEET TO NEW YORK

*Yankee thoughts now homeward fly,
Far across the sea;
Christmas in our native land
Beckons you and me.
Yet our hearts must long retain
Memories of the message plain:
"Britain wants you back again,
Good luck and 'Good-Bye-e-e'!"*

—E. E. WILSON

“THE Ninth Division Atlantic Fleet will take on stores and proceed soon as possible to the United States.” From the Chief of Naval Operations came this order, via Force Commander, on the twenty-second of November, 1918, the day following the surrender of the German fleet. It came exactly on the date on which the *New York* one year before had sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for war. That message was the consummation of a thousand dreams and hopes and fears. It spread through the ship like wildfire, sending brains awlirl; but it came as the climax of a week so dizzily confusing that it scarcely

moved a countenance. The men had become set for anything and took their good news calmly. One month before, that message would have made a veritable madhouse of Rodman's flagship.

A week of preparation was considered necessary, for three months' provisions and all spare parts must be aboard each ship. The rush continued for two days, then the bright vision of "New York for Christmas" faded, faded. Our orders home were modified. The war at sea had ended, but we had one further duty to perform. Our Commander-in-Chief, the President, was about to sail for France, and we must form his escort into Brest. With the relief squadron of American battleships which had recently arrived and based at Queenstown, Ireland, we were ordered to proceed to Portland, England, there to await the President's arrival and escort his ship to Brest. Our date of leaving the Grand Fleet remained the same, but the date of our arrival home came perilously near Christmas.

Our last week with the Grand Fleet at Rosyth may easily be called the most impressive. Not even the joy at prospect of our homegoing could wipe away the touch of sadness that hung over every gathering that week. There were dinners and dances and teas and games ashore and afloat, each bearing the aspect of farewell. We realized more deeply, day by day, how fully the bond of comradeship between our forces had been developed.

I shall long remember Thanksgiving Day which happened to fall just at that time. Admiral Leveson gave a luncheon at noon in his flagship, *Barham* of the Fifth Battle Squadron. He used the largest round table I have ever seen, at which were seated some thirty officers and ladies. I had many qualms at being the only "two-striper" in the cabin, but perhaps enjoyed the situation all the more because of it. Admiral Rodman had just returned from London in fine spirits, while Admiral Leveson vindicated his own jolly reputation. Immediately after luncheon the party embarked en masse to the *King George V*, on whose canopied quarterdeck a dance given for the *New York* was in progress. It was a delightful affair, elaborate yet not too formal. After dancing until nine, some of us stayed for dinner with Admiral De Robeck who flies his flag of the Fourth Division from the *King George V*. Nor was that all; for we gathered again to a special orchestra and danced into the morning hours. On the following day, Friday, the decks of the *New York* were the scene of the farewell party of the Sixth Battle Squadron to the Grand Fleet. It took the form of a huge reception and dance, employing the entire main deck. Awnings stretched from stem to stern, covering a bower of lanterns, flags and greens. Literally in thousands came the guests, who marvelled at the "air fountains," made with streamers in the blowers, the electrical display, the four orchestras, and lastly but

very emphatically, the American punch and ices. Never had the *New York* shown to better advantage, for knowing this to be our final impression upon the Grand Fleet, nothing had been spared for its success. The day was planned and executed Rodman fashion. Many of the guests declared the party was a revelation, and I believe it will remain in the memory of the Grand Fleet for years. To conclude the day, a party of us dined with the Hon. Captain and Mrs. Plunkett-Drax at Pitraevie Castle, their home in Dumfermline. Late we visited the *Queen Elizabeth* to say farewell, thence to the ship. Saturday evening, in the junior officers' mess, we did some farewell entertaining of our own. It was our last night. We converted the messroom into a bower of bunting and greens, which, with coloured lighting effects, bewildered even those who were familiar with the place. Admiral Leveson, Admiral Rodman and three captains were among our guests, with Grand Fleet ladies making fifteen couples. The jazz band, playing its very jazziest, kept up the life and dancing till the hour when the last farewells perforce were said. The strength of the ties of our friendships were never fully realized until the time of parting came.

I was wakened in the morning by the rumbling anchor cables. We were heaving short, on this forenoon of December first, being under orders to weigh anchor at eleven forty-five and proceed to

Portland, England. Admiral Rodman left the ship, paid his respects to the Commander-in-Chief in the *Queen Elizabeth*, and returned to his flagship. A signal brought the captains of our squadron's ships to the *New York's* quarterdeck, while at the same time a number of the flag officers and commanding officers of the Grand Fleet arrived informally to pay their respects. A great fleet of little steamers and launches had gathered at our side, having left aboard our best friends from the fleet. At exactly eleven o'clock, in the midst of these mutual expressions of comradeship, the shining black barge of the Commander-in-Chief was hailed approaching. Admiral Sir David Beatty was piped over the side and received by eight officer side boys, Admiral Rodman and his staff, the captains of the ships of the Sixth Battle Squadron and the officers of the *New York*. At his request all hands were called to muster on the forecastle, where, raised in their midst, the leader of the Grand Fleet made his now famous farewell remarks:

I could not let the Sixth Battle Squadron go without coming on board the *New York* and saying something of what I feel at this moment of your departure. I had intended to ask Admiral Rodman to permit me to say something to representatives of all the ships of the Sixth Battle Squadron on board his flagship, but exigencies of service have not permitted me to do that; and, therefore, as Admiral Rodman has said, what I say to you I hope you will pro-

mulgate to your comrades in the other ships, and not only to them, but also to your comrades of the Atlantic Fleet.

There is not much that I have to say, but what I do say I hope you will understand comes from the heart—not only my heart, but the hearts of your comrades of the Grand Fleet.

I want first of all, to thank you, Admiral Rodman, the captains, officers, and ships' companies of this magnificent squadron for the wonderful coöperation and loyalty you have given to me and to my admirals; and the assistance that you have given us in every duty you had to undertake. The support which you have shown is that of true comradeship; and, in time of stress, that is worth a very great deal. As somebody said the other day, "The fighting is now over, the talking is now going to begin"; therefore, I do not want to keep you here any longer, but I want to congratulate you for having been present upon a day which is unsurpassed in the naval annals of the world. I know quite well that you, as well as all of your British comrades, were bitterly disappointed at not being able to give effect to that efficiency that you have so well maintained. It was a most disappointing day. It was a pitiful day, to see those great ships coming in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold, without an effort on anybody's part; but it was a day that everybody could be proud of. I have received messages from several people, offering sympathy to the Grand Fleet, and my answer was that we do not want sympathy—we want recognition of the fact that the prestige of the Grand Fleet stood so high that it was sufficient to cause the enemy to surrender without striking a blow. I had always certain misgivings, and when the Sixth Battle Squadron became a part of the Grand Fleet those misgivings were doubly strengthened, and I knew then they would throw up their hands. Apparently, the Sixth Battle Squadron was the straw that broke the camel's back. However, the disappointment that the

Grand Fleet was not able to strike its blow for the freedom of the world is counteracted by the fact that it was their prestige alone that brought about this achievement.

During the last twelve months that you have been with us we have learned to know each other very well; we have learned to respect each other; we know each other's faults.—Are there any in the Sixth Battle Squadron, Admiral?—We know each other's good qualities, and I want you to take back a message to the Atlantic Fleet that you have left a place, a very warm place, in the hearts of the Grand Fleet which cannot be filled until you come back or send another squadron to represent you. You have given us a sample of the Atlantic Fleet which I think will try the Atlantic Fleet, efficient as it is, very hard to reproduce.—I do not know what Admiral Mayo will say to that, but Admiral Rodman will put it up to him in that way.

I understand that you are now going down to Portland, where you are going to get leave—that is so, Admiral, is it not? After that, you have a duty to perform, of bringing your president to these waters; and then you will return to your own shores; and I hope in the sunshine, which Admiral Rodmen tells me always shines there, you won't forget your "comrades of the mist" and your pleasant associations of the North Sea. This is a queer place, as you have found out; but you are not the first to find it out. There was a great explorer, Marco Polo, who, after travelling over the world for thirty years, one day found himself in the North Sea, and then went home, went to bed, and did not travel any more. I trust it will not have the same effect on any of you. But I can say this for you that those of you that I have seen during the last twelve months seem to have improved in many ways, if it was possible; and I think that the North Sea has a health-giving quality which must be put against all the bad points, of which there are so many.

I thank you again, again and again, for the great part the

Sixth Battle Squadron has played in bringing about the greatest naval victory in history. I hope you will give this message to your comrades. Come back soon. Good-bye and good luck!

A great shout broke from the men who were packed below him, as the solid ranks of blue which had stood immobile to catch each word from his clear ringing voice, became a surging, cheering mass. Their love for the great Sir David Beatty needed no further demonstration. Admiral Rodman, in a few well-chosen words, replied to Admiral Beatty's speech, reciprocating heartily his sentiments. He closed by leading three more rousing cheers for Admiral Beatty.

The decks of the Grand Fleet's ships were packed with humanity. Not alone were there the sailors of the ships' companies, but boatload after boatload of people from the shore had come aboard the ships which lined our channel to the sea. The Sixth Battle Squadron weighed anchor, broke from its maintops long streaming "homeward-bound" pennants and proceeded out of harbour. Our band burst forth with "Homeward Bound" and followed it with "Good Bye-e-e." Cheers were exchanged with every vessel as we passed between the columns, while their bands played our airs and messages of comradeship and good luck floated in a score of different versions from as many yards. Nor was that the end. The *New York*, followed by the *Texas*, *Nevada*, *Arkansas*, *Wyom-*

ing and *Florida* in column, was escorted to May Island, twenty miles outside, by the ships of the Fifth Battle Squadron, our sister division, and the Eleventh Destroyer Flotilla. The *Barham*, Admiral Leveson's flagship, and the *Malaya* steamed to starboard, with the *Valiant* and *Warspite* to port. The destroyers took up a screening formation ahead and astern. There was music and cheering nearly all the way, culminating as we approached May Island. The British units turned gracefully outward, swinging through 180 degrees. There was a sustained roar of cheers as the great ships parted from us, and the signal force was put to it in the rapid exchange of felicitous messages. From the masthead of Admiral Leveson's *Barham* was displayed at the last the plain English hoist "G-O-O-D B-Y-E-E-E-E." Simultaneously a message was received by radio from the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet:

Your comrades in the Grand Fleet regret your departure. We trust it is only temporary and that the interchange of squadrons from the two great fleets of the Anglo-Saxon race may be repeated. We wish you good-bye, good luck, a good time; and come back soon.

Thus impressively were the wartime relations of the Allied navies terminated. Fondly we looked at the last of our Grand Fleet days, but the tinge of parting regret was soon forgotten as we turned

our faces north and eastward—faces which plainly bore the lines,

Yankee thoughts now homeward fly
 Far across the sea;
 Christmas in our native land
 Beckons you and me.
 Yet our hearts must long retain
 Memories of the message plain:
 "Britain wants you back again,
 Good luck and 'Good-Bye-e-e'!"

The mine fields in the channels made the southern route unsafe to Portland. We were obliged to cruise around the northern end of Scotland through the Pentland Firth, between the mainland and the Hebrides, thence through the Irish Sea to Land's end. The squadron ran through heavy weather off the northwest coast, but otherwise the trip seemed child's play. All navigational guides had been relighted, vessels carried running lights and we could use searchlights and radio. Our course lay over the watery graves of the *Justicia* and *Lancaster Castle*, the horrors of which stood sharply in contrast with the now plentiful merchantmen which peacefully plied above them. Rounding Land's End on a clear crisp morning, we were soon guided into the crowded harbour of Portland by a pilot tug sent out to meet us. There we joined the *Arizona*, *Oklahoma* and *Utah*, the remainder of the escort for the President. The Drifter Patrol Fleet of the Western Channel, hun-

dreds strong, lay behind the strong defenses, as yet undispersed. In the harbour there was scarcely clearance space to swing, which kept a lively watch for officers of the deck. Several of the officers left at once for London, and the men were given general leave. Most of us preferred to save our time for future use, however, pending our return. We used the week for coaling, cleaning, preparing. With a party of four I spent two days at Charborough Park, in Dorset, the seventeen-thousand acre estate of Captain Drax, at pheasant shooting. The captain had arranged for this while we were in the north, and made conditions quite ideal. We were furnished with a guide, six "beaters," dogs and food, and permitted to beat the best covers. An idea of the plenty of the game may be formed by realizing that this was the first shoot since the outbreak of the war. In all we took forty-nine pheasants, fifteen hares, nineteen rabbits, and four ducks, no mean bag considering the grade of our shooting. English shooting is so different from our hunting, that an experience with their game is well worth while.

All leave and liberty parties returned on December 12th and busied themselves securing for sea. Admiral Sims had come from London, taking the *Wyoming* for his flagship, and assumed the lead of both divisions as formation guide. Rain and mist enshrouded our departure but did not detract from the full salute of a regiment of Australian

troops drawn up on the mole. Each ship responded, accompanied by the British anthem. We caught our last glimpse of England as the granite cliffs of Portland faded in the mist astern. At dawn we rounded Ushant, the northwest point of France and slowed to ten knots. In spite of being "Friday the Thirteenth" we looked forward to a great day. Just at eight bells our hopes were realized when we caught sight of the flagship *Pennsylvania* leading the President's *George Washington*; and at once we proceeded to create a new formation.

Such a tribute no American leader has ever been paid. Think of the weight of circumstances, the power of the individual, whose coming to a foreign land should warrant as his escort the cream of the American navy! It was inspiring to look upon the massive freeboard of the *George Washington* looming against the low sleek sides of five great seafighters on either side, cruising at perfect interval and shielded by a full screen of destroyers. Each ship fired the twenty-one gun presidential salute as she took her place in line and settled on her course to Brest. The clear and moderate morning picturesquely set off this historic incident. The President's ship followed the squadron into Brest, and passing down between our columns, anchored amid salutes and cheers from the thousands who lined the shores. Detailed ashore to arrange for the landing of boats, etc., I found the city of Brest an excited pageant, waiting to greet the man whom the

French held almost as a saviour, President Wilson of the United States. They had seen his country honour him with her armada for an escort; and now impatiently awaited that historic, precedent-breaking moment when our President should set his foot on the soil of France, that they might do their share. Bands, flags, troops, guards, confetti and a riotous mob were the features of the town that afternoon, and when at four o'clock the President shoved off for shore the carnival broke loose. In a riot of cheers and roar of guns and whistles he landed, met by General Pershing and ten thousand eager citizens. To these the President delivered a brief address before he hurriedly left for Paris; but the spirit of the day was carried far into the night long after his departure. The bonds of comradeship created by the heartfelt gratitude of France to the United States, expressed thus to its leader, seemed enough, to those who saw and felt them, to justify the visit of our President abroad.

Next morning found the gobs aboard ship surging and shouting in their joy. We were to leave for home. Original orders had been changed again by the wisdom of Admiral Rodman who had radioed:

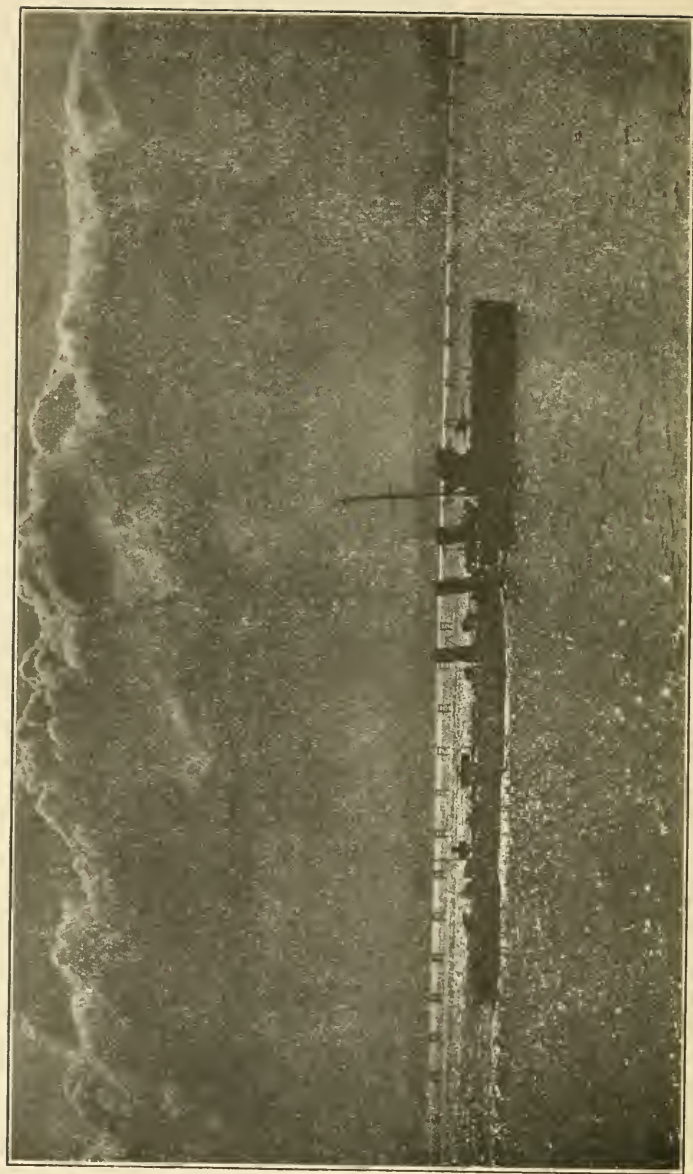
At the request of the crews who have served in the North Sea for the past year without leave or recreation, it is earnestly recommended that the battleships under my command proceed directly to New York for leave before assignment to home yards.

So we were off, this time, not to drop anchor until we reached New York. Aboard each ship was a detachment of about five hundred troops which we were transporting back with their officers. They crowded the crew considerably, but no complaints were heard. At two o'clock that afternoon I stood far up in the bow. Four flags ran up the *Pennsylvania's* halyards which, translated, read "Get under way." Word came from the bridge, and the thrill was mine to press the button that started the anchor engine hauling in! A cheer went up as the homeward-bound pennant again broke loose and floated out six hundred feet astern. At the head of the Sixth Battle Squadron we took our place, turned toward the setting sun and passed by Ushant Head before the glow had left the west. Our course home lay by the southern route, making the Azores our next landfall. On the first day out we encountered the only heavy weather of the voyage. It was enough to wet us down thoroughly and give the gobs the sport of laughing at the seasick soldiers. A week so perfect followed, in the balmy southern air, that we could scarcely believe it possible after living in the North Sea. The deep blue of the cloudless sky and crystal water seemed to throw a soft light everywhere. We sighted San Miguel, the northeast island of the Azores, forty miles away; and two days later picked up Pico, that great volcanic peak which rises seven thousand feet sheer from



An Important Inspection

Admiral Rodman giving Assistant Secretary of the Navy, F. D. Roosevelt the real "dope." (Captain Hughes of the *New York* with arms folded)



The Night Patrol

A British destroyer standing out past the nets to her never-ending task on a threatening evening

the fathomless sea to form the westerly extreme. Pico when first reported visible was sixty miles away! Each evening we were able to have "movies" in the open air on deck, much to the delight of the crew. The squadron, following us with all lights burning seemed to shine like a Christmas tree to us who had strained for a year to catch even a glimpse of its war-time blackness. Drills of all sorts were conducted daily and the ship made scrupulously clean. We reached the Gulf Stream on the twentieth and in its warm and sticky air had word that all New York awaited our arrival on the twenty-fourth, when we would be reviewed afloat and on parade, and then sent home for Christmas day. It seemed as though our fearful hopes would after all be realized.

Next day came a staggering blow to the entire squadron. For some reason which has never been explained, a radio from Secretary Daniels ordered that we should not arrive on schedule, but on the twenty-sixth instead. So we slowed to twelve knots' speed. Picture the anguish of those hundreds of lads who had been counting above all else on a home Christmas! At one time they arose in a serious threat of laying down their jobs, and only perfect unity avoided such catastrophe. The New York papers flashed the headlines of the fleet held up by winter gales, while we were out there poking along in a dead calm. This blunder happened at the very time when the navy was trying to induce

the reserves to remain within its ranks, and to encourage reënlistment of the regulars; and in one night every sailor on the *New York* vowed himself through at the first opportunity. Nor could a single officer be found who would not agree with the men that they had had a raw deal. It was a different cruise from that day on, the spirit gone from drills and work, with grumbling from every corner on ships which were marking time until arrival. To cap the climax we sighted the Jersey coast on Christmas morning, caught a tempting glimpse of that glorious land we had seen in our dreams for months, longed to set foot ashore that day, but instead proceeded to Ambrose Channel lightship and dropped anchor thirty miles from Broadway! Christmas dinner and a wild demonstration by all hands gave little consolation, and the ship slept early, brooding on the morrow.

Sullen skies and a high-hanging mist marked the early hours of the day. The squadron anchored off the Ambrose lightship got but a chill welcome from the weather. Snow and a nipping wind obscured from the thousands of eager persons who lined the lower bay the fact that their fleet was standing in. The sky was gray and the ships were gray and there was enough of fog between the snow squalls to hide everything more than slightly distant. But those who knew the navy knew that out there in the bay the great fleet must be moving, for their review was scheduled at ten A. M. Five

minutes before that time the guiding *Gloucester's* kite balloon was sighted from the *Mayflower*, which lay below the Statue of Liberty. At ten o'clock, the *Arizona*, leading the homecoming line, passed in review. Slowly the Sixth Battle Squadron steamed northward with its escort of great oil burners, and passed before the Secretary of the Navy on the *Mayflower*. As each ship drew abreast his vessel the Secretarial salute of nineteen guns roared from its battery, and from the main topmast of each Sixth Squadron ship the homeward-bound pennant was broken anew to stream astern. Rows of black figures lined the ships, rigid at attention. They filled each port and every platform, for who would miss the sight of New York Harbour? These were the gobs who, despite their ships were scarless, Secretary Daniels rightly hailed as "valiant victors." It was the greatest naval review in American history, for it marked the day of the formal assumption by the United States of its place as the second naval power of the world. The entire Atlantic Fleet had joined the Sixth Battle Squadron for its return, exhibiting the greatest fighting force of which the United States had ever boasted, assembled for the first time as a single unit.

The swirling snowstorm which had enveloped us in the lower bay lifted suddenly as the dreadnaughts slowly passed the thousands of spectators on Riverside Drive, and a great triumphant

roar of welcome arose as the huge anchors plunged to the river depths. For the first time in thirteen months those anchors found a home port, and the cheers that went up from our own decks were heart-felt. Within two hours the complement of every ship was lined in dress blues on the New York streets for the great parade of welcome. Ten thousand strong they swung down Fifth Avenue, in a din of cheers beneath a canopy of bunting, headed by Admirals Mayo and Rodman with their staffs. Then the majority were free men for the night. Broadway welcomed the bluejackets with open arms. They were dined in the restaurants and entertained at the theatres. Some just marched the streets. Wherever they went they were heartily cheered and wherever an officer went he was openly congratulated. A carnival prevailed throughout New York, for the people felt the spirit which Admiral Rodman expressed that night, saying:

After a year of strenuous and arduous duty, but duty which was most eagerly and gladly performed, our ships have reached home across the ocean, not darkened and zig-zagging to avoid danger from hostile forces, but with a blaze of lights turned on and a feeling of perfect security and confidence; and, needless to add, with hearts full of happiness and contentment that we are once more at home in God's country, having contributed our mite to the winning of the war.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SINKING OF THE GERMAN FLEET

*The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line.
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.*

—ANON.

IN THIS strangest of all the world's wars, in which empires have crumbled to dust and republics sprung into being from nothing, in which governments of centuries have been crushed by a single hand and dynasties have perished over night; we have stood as if transfixed, ready for anything. And when steamers have been captured by seaplanes, airships by destroyers; when submarines and infantry have alike been destroyed by fire from the air, any wonder has seemed not impossible. Yet suppose some one had entered the mess room of the *New York* on the twenty-first of June, 1918, had listened intently to the never-ending discussion of conjectures and opinions as to the impending encounter of the Grand Fleet with the High Seas Fleet, to the assertions of the tremendous and constant improvement in strength and efficiency of the Grand Fleet, to the problems in tactics and fire control which were consuming

the minds of thousands and the dollars of millions; suppose he had listened to those absorbing topics of the day and had then said, "Gentlemen, why do you worry? A year from to-day the German High Seas Fleet will be lying at the bottom of Scapa Flow, in the very mud which grips your anchors to-night, and your Grand Fleet shall not have fired a shot to bring this end about."

To grasp the surrender of the great High Seas Fleet without a struggle would have been beyond the minds of most of us—of all of us, I think, if placed within a year. But to conceive of that intact fleet of mighty fighting ships, lying at the bottom of Scapa Flow would not have been attempted. We could not have entertained such thoughts as these with logic. We knew of no such code. We did not know the German.

The charm of the Orkney Islands lies in their restfulness rather than their grandeur. The landscape does not overwhelm the beholder with a sense of his insignificance, as great mountains are apt to do, but rather suggests quiet and peace. To the Grand Fleet, through its four years of direst strain, they were a home. For the men and ships of the fleet, after unending hours of battle with the havoc which is wrought by the North Sea winter gales, and the tense anxiety which the imminence of undersea attack creates, a haven of rest could always be found in Scapa Flow, that great natural basin, landlocked in the heart of the Orkney Islands.

There, behind its layers of nets and fields of mines, backed by an untiring scout patrol, the Grand Fleet could lie in peace, serene and safe. Majestically the great ships blended with the quiet landscape, always steaming, always ready, mingling a sense of dignity with power.

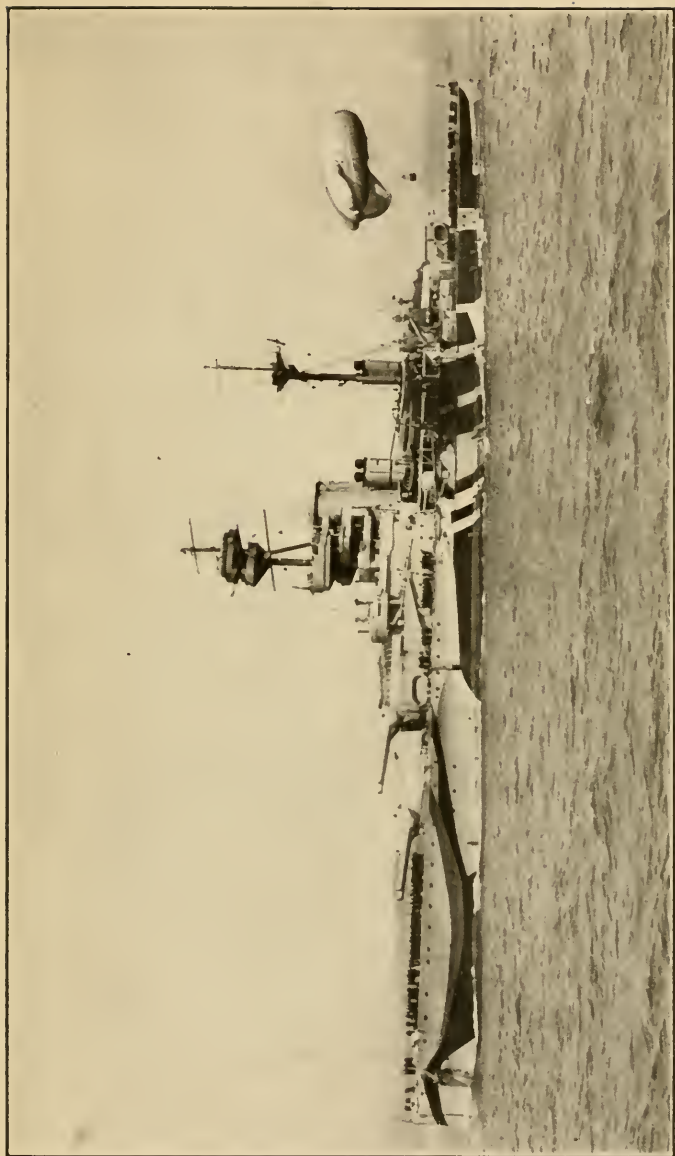
Few hostile eyes, if any, have observed the Fleet at Scapa Flow. It lay in a world apart. The natives on its shores remained there. No person was allowed to come to them unknown. The British Government supplied both islanders and ships with food and commodities. A rigid censorship was maintained at all times and a patrol kept guard about the islands day and night through four long years. What better war base could have been selected? Its solitude made for work without distraction. Its location blocked the passage from the North Sea to the ocean. Of course the officers and men throughout the fleet soon came to dread their stays at Scapa, for its utter lack of diversion, amusement, and civilization wore on the stoutest hearts. Only a realization of the need of isolation kept the Grand Fleet spirits up through the long bleak winter months at Scapa Flow. Cheerfully they stuck it out.

Then, with the vision of Scapa Flow indelibly before the commanders of the Grand Fleet, the German High Seas Fleet surrendered for internment. No longer needed as a Grand Fleet base, what better prison could be found for the surren-

dered foe. It might almost as well be solitary confinement, for there the German ships and crews would be free from outside German treachery and could be held at practically no cost. So the surrendered ships were led there, one division at a time, with the British ensign floating over them, and left in the peace and desolation of this deserted haven, stripped of their armaments, fuel, instruments, and all but a few of their crew, to brood upon their utter failure.

Admiral von Reuter, aboard the Grand Fleet's Flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*, in November, 1918, stood before Sir David Beatty. In reply to that clause in the surrender terms which demanded that the flag of Germany should be hauled down when her ships were laid up at a British base, he protested that it "was not in keeping with the idea of chivalry between two honourable opponents" that their flag should be hauled down. Admiral Beatty pointed out that war existed during the Armistice, and therefore "under the circumstances no enemy vessel can be permitted to fly its national ensign in British waters while under custody." And so our "honourable opponent" surrenders and hauls down his flag, is led to Scapa Flow, stripped of all save skeleton crews, and left under light guard to await the issue.

One day the British squadron on guard steams out to the Pentland Firth for practice exercises. Here the "honourable opponent" sees his chance to

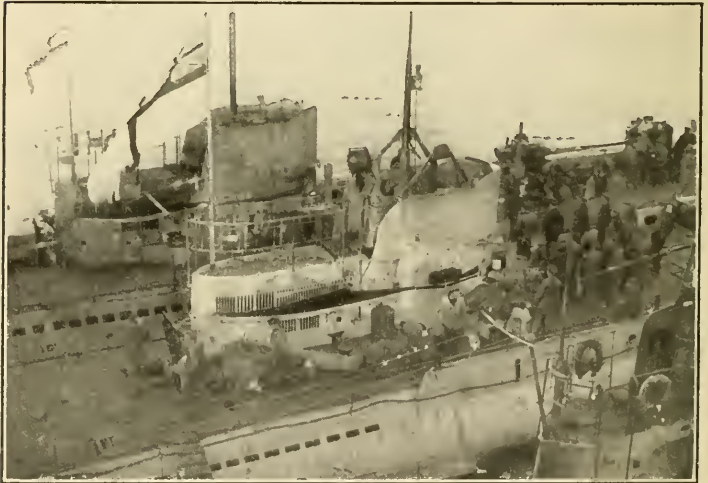


H.M.S. Revenge

Flagship of the First Battle Squadron, Grand Fleet, and Britain's newest type of battleship. Note effective camouflage and kite balloon about to ascend for observation



A Surrendered German Submarine
Note wireless and net-cutting outfit on bow



The British Flag on Captured Pirates
The decks of the surrendered German "U" boats



Their Last Bow

The German battle cruisers passing through the nets at Scapa Flow, the Orkneys, for internment; *Seydlitz* leading



Comrades to a Finish

Admirals Beatty and Rodman shaking hands on the quarterdeck of Beatty's flagship *Queen Elizabeth*

execute one final underhanded deed in violation of the terms to which he pledged himself. Weird sights await the returning British squadron. Do their eyes deceive them? What are those violent explosive shocks? Why does that strange cloud of steam rise up from the surface of Scapa Flow? Breathlessly, unwilling to believe their eyes, they crash full speed ahead and cleave the waves to reach their custody. No longer the peaceful haven of rest do they find in Scapa, but a wild chaotic turmoil. Here a ship's prow points skyward as her stern sinks rapidly. There a great pair of screws dance aimlessly between them a rudder, in mid-air. Again, a hiss of steam and a muffled roar as boiler bursts beneath its icy plunge. Great monster ships, millions of dollars in steel alone, lurch sleepily on their sides and disappear. The British squadron halts in awe. Can it be true? The German flag in Scapa Flow? Yes, and true enough more than enough! Crews rowing off from the sinking ships awake the echoes with arrogant "Hochs!" A nasty business, a grotesque scene! The British ships fully aroused and aware of venomous treachery, dash in to check what has already passed beyond control. They call on their prisoners in the boats to stop. Some do. Others hesitate, and are fired upon, point blank. A few examples and the rest are meek enough; for they are Germans. Orders flash to the German ships which are still floating to jam the sea cocks, stop the

sinking! Here and there a group of sailors attempt to execute the orders of their British captors, and are shot at once by their own officers. To capture every one of the underhanded dogs is the only solution, which the British set about and do, too late of course to save the flooding ships. Here and there a boatload of German sailors makes the shore, and with all belongings on their backs they make for freedom. Freedom! They are on an island of the Orkneys, despised castaways. A few hours hounding by a British detachment and all are rounded up, a sorry lot indeed. Another chapter added to their villainy, and still the bloody German head remains unbowed.

Admiral von Reuter, having accomplished what his proud countrymen are wont to call a "handsome deed," attempts to justify his act by attaching to the word "interned" a meaning it was never intended to convey in the text of the armistice. He forgets that the fleet which might have gone down fighting preferred to be branded with the undying disgrace of a cowardly surrender. He goes so far as to create a state of warfare with his conquerors while they were dictating the terms of peace to his whipped country. Breaking his worthless German pledges without a qualm, he orders that his disarmed battle fleet, of which he was the caretaker, be sunk at anchor while the British guards are out for practice exercises. And his perverted German mind imagines that this sneaking act will

redound to the glory of the German navy as a show of martial spirit and defiance. He has confused his base dishonour with a gallant death in battle on ships which by his order refuse to yield.

The wave of indignation with which the nation greeted the news of the sinking of the German fleet is well voiced by the *New York Times*. "The British are right when they say the handsome deed was a 'deliberate violation of the armistice' and 'treachery.' But whatever the scuttling may be called, it reacts with the effect of infamy upon the German name. The admiral orders his fleet sunk as an act of war, and then hoists the white flag on the boat he escapes in to induce the foe defied to save his sailors from drowning. German officers shoot down seamen who obey a British order to close the open valves, and these same officers, safe on British decks, click their heels together and salute one another with a feeling of having done a historic thing that would ring through the ages and shed unfading lustre upon German arms. Human nature, in this case racial, is poor indeed that demeans itself so shamefully."

Who is to blame? It is the natural question rising in the throat of nearly every man as he indignantly reads of this climactic scandal. To answer it is neither just nor wise. We are men of a nation whose code is honour, whose traditions are honourable, whose acts in war are chivalrous. We have seen the treachery of the German code to be sure, and

so, when dealing with him, use the utmost care, and sheathe our weapon only when he is disarmed and powerless. But it is not even yet in our nature to imagine that the German mind will resort to the extremes of infamy. We are naturally inclined to treat with them as men, when utterly disarmed and given over to our care. And so the tangible blame for the sinking of the German ships lies with our failure to realize that the racial German nature, in victory or defeat, is utterly without honour, without scruple, without shame.

The case of Admiral von Reuter should be used as an example. For his deliberate violation of the terms of the armistice and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of ships which were no longer the property of Germany, he should be tried by an Allied tribunal. His act and its retribution should be so flaunted before the German people, whose standards of right and wrong are so hopelessly confused, that the idea would finally dawn upon them that the deed was not "handsome" but infamous. To claim the fleet well sunk evades the question. Ton for ton the German ships destroyed in Scapa Flow should be replaced from German shipyards to the Allies, such increase being added to the German reparation bill. That would send home the sentiment with which we meet such villainy. For the loss is not so definite in material as is the injury to the Allied pride in honour.

THE END



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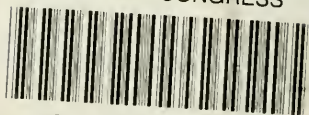
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